

*J. Lloyd Middle Temple
1774*

Gal 9 R. f

L E T T E R S,
B Y
SEVERAL EMINENT PERSONS DECEASED.
INCLUDING
THE CORRESPONDENCE OF
JOHN HUGHES, ESQ.
(AUTHOR OF THE SIEGE OF DAMASCUS)
AND
SEVERAL OF HIS FRIENDS,
PUBLISHED FROM THE ORIGINALS:
WITH
NOTES EXPLANATORY AND HISTORICAL.
By JOHN DUNCOMBE, M.A.
One of the SIX PREACHERS in Christ Church, Canterbury.
The SECOND EDITION, with ADDITIONS.

V O L U M E III.

L O N D O N,

Printed for J. JOHNSON, in St. Paul's Church-yard.

MDCCLXXIII.

L. R. T. H. R. S.

SEVERAL EMINENT GENTLEMEN DECEASED

IN 1782

THE CORRESPONDENCE OF

JOHN HUGHES, ESQ.

(AFTER HIS DEATH)



SEVERAL EMINENT GENTLEMEN DECEASED

IN 1782

NOTES, REMARKS, AND HISTORICAL

BY JOHN DEWEY, ESQ.

OF THE CITY OF LONDON

THE SECOND EDITION

BY J. H. R. S.

LONDON

Printed by J. H. R. S.

1782

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N. B. Those marked thus * are added in
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E R R A T A.

- Page 85, note, line 14, for "vol. lxvi", read "vol. lii."
 — 99, note *, line 2, for "county", read "coun-
 try."
 — 157, line 6, for "studious," read "as studious."
 — 161, line 8, for "met", read "meet".

L E T T E R S, &c.

L E T T E R CXLVIII.

Archbishop HERRING to Mr. DUNCOMBE.

DEAR SIR, Lambeth-house, April 18, 1752.

AS the author* chose to convey the inclosed † to me by your hand, I desire to return it to him the same way, but upon condition that you give him my sincere thanks for the perusal of it. It has given me prodigious pleasure, and I have but

* Isaac Hawkins Browne, esq; member of parliament for Wenlock in Shropshire.

† The manuscript copy of *De animi immortalitate*,
poema.

Vol. III.

B

one,

one, or perhaps two, reasons for forbearing the strongest encomium. I wish to God Lucretius had had so good a subject, and so much at his heart !

The author's intentions * do me honour, and I am proud of being transmitted to posterity, as a friend to such doctrine so explained and illuminated.

Dear Sir, yours faithfully,

THO. CANTUAR.

LETTER CXLIX.

Mr. DUNCOMBE to Mr. RICHARDSON †.

DEAR SIR,

Frith-street. Nov. 18, 1752.

ON my enquiry at Mr. Vaillant's, I find reason to believe, that the Rev. Mr. Stin-

* Of inscribing it to his grace.

† To this great " master of the heart," this Shakespear of romance, who, in the words of the Rambler,

stra, who translated your *Clarissa* into Dutch, was author of the little book I mentioned to you, entitled, "A pastoral letter against fanaticism," designed to confute the extravagant pretensions of count Zinzendorff and his deluded followers, distinguished by the name of Moravians.

This tract is yet but little known in England; it was written originally in Dutch, and has been translated into French; whether by the author himself, or some other hand, I know not; but the extracts from the count's sermons, and the hymns, are printed in Dutch only.

Rambler, "taught the passions to move at the command of virtue," the graces may be said to have unveiled nature, and while our language lasts, or taste and sensibility remain, the madness of *Clementina* in particular will be as much admired and felt as that of *Lear*. And let it be remembered, that the virtues which Richardson drew he copied from his own heart, the benevolence which he inculcated he constantly practised in its fullest extent. He died July 4, 1761, aged 73.

However, it has not escaped the notice of his grace of Canterbury; who has read and mentioned it to some of his friends with the approbation it so justly deserves. Nay more, he is endeavouring to get it translated into English as a very useful work *. Mr. Stinstra certainly can be no stranger to the character of this excellent prelate; yet I cannot help just observing, that no man, in so high a station, was ever less elevated with it, more communicative, or easier of access. He spends his large revenue in hospitality, and works of beneficence; and is ready to relieve worthy objects of every denomination, when properly recommended. In short, he is a

* It was accordingly translated by Mr. Rimius. In the preface, notice is taken of five sermons, preached by Mr. Stinstra, in defence of liberty of conscience and toleration, and afterwards printed in Dutch. Strange it is, that the enthusiasm, blasphemy, and obscenity of the Moravians should have an advocate in a work of such acknowledged merit as the "Biographia Britannica." But see "count Zinzendorff's life" in the "Supplement," p. 214.

friend

friend to the civil and religious rights of all mankind. With these qualities it would be strange indeed if he was not esteemed and beloved by all parties. The lovers of liberty abroad may envy the happiness of the church of England under his mild and prudent direction. How much then do we owe to that great man *, (the "keeper of the king's conscience," as our laws, I think, style him,) who first introduced and recommended Dr. Herring to his majesty!

I hope you will gratify the impatience of the public with your new work †; and am,

Dear Sir,

Your affectionate friend and servant,

W. DUNCOMBE.

* Lord chancellor Hardwicke.

† The history of Sir Charles Grandison.

* LETTER

* LETTER CL.

Mr. RICHARDSON to Miss HIGHMORE †.

London, Jan. 31, 1754.

—“ More geese than swans, more fools than wise ”—

WAS not this a line in your copy-book fifteen years ago, as it was in mine, fifty? Wonder you then, that there are more Sir Hargrave Pollexfens, than Sir Charles Grandisons?

“ Assurance to condemn ? ” Why so complainant to the Sir Hargraves?

“ Much admired by ladies more amiable than Cantillon, or lady Betty Williams herself ! ” I don’t know that. Those two ladies might have appeared in a better light, had not a Harriot, brought up by

* Now Mrs. J. Duncombe.

a Mrs.

a Mrs. Shirley and a Mrs. Selby, herself an excellent yet then a sprightly girl, been to give an account of them to those venerable ladies. But it is a charming partiality that my girl is culpable (I will not say, guilty) of, when she judges more favourably of those she sees, than of those she reads. Yet, let me tell you, Madam, that those ladies, be they who they will, that admire men of the Pollexfen cast, must have a tincture of the Cantillon levity. There is a difference, my dear Miss H. between bearing with men of light characters, and being diverted with them, and approving of them. Oil will mingle with oil, sweet or foetid; but either will resist the purest water. And why? You know why. They are both of a nature, however sweet the one, foetid the other.

When I recollect some of the free things I have formerly written to my girl, I am extremely angry with myself. I believe I loved to blame rather than commend, some years ago. Fie upon me, for my ill-nature, if

fo—

fo—and vanity too—setting up for a Mentor, when I was but a Momus. But do I grow better-natured, and see clearer, as I grow older? I congratulate myself upon that, if I do. What admirable observations you make on the consequence it is for young persons to be thrown early into good and improving company! I had a good mind to transcribe every word you write on this subject, and to beg of you to let it pass for my own. What a poor creature was I at your age! And you were always so good; were you not? Yet I to endeavour formerly to turn beauties into blemishes; and all the time, egregious self-deceiver! imagining that I loved to commend rather than blame. Lovelace, I remember, told me once, even Lovelace, that “young women were more in danger from their companions and dependents of their own sex, than from the wiles of men.” You, from a purer mind, have improved the observation, as might be expected from a mind so incomparably more pure.

But,

But, though I love you for your charity, when you infer from premises very laudable, that we should make great allowances in errors not grossly immoral, for those who have not had the benefit of being accustomed in their youth to good and improving company, I cannot allow of the abatement you mention to be made, of the merit of those who have had "better" opportunities, and improved by them. I will not, my dear Miss H. allow of your "level," in order to bring down to a "state of nature" those who owe their "merit to actions that are the consequences of habitual virtue." Let us judge of merit and demerit, as they appear to us, from whatever source they spring; and not, my dear child, think it "assurance" to "contemn" the contemptible. We shall then encourage merit, (too apt to be despised by such, in order to bring it down to their own level) and shame (and, through shame, have a chance to amend) the faulty, and make them aspire to be measured by the standard of the others. It is not to be imagined

what it is in the power of women to do in this particular; especially of those who are amiable in person, and have a reputation for good sense. Often have I seen a coxcomb, who set out with all the confidence of a laughing Sir Hargrave, shrink into himself, merely at the reproofing eye, and restrained smile, of a young lady of judgment; and particularly, if she has had the address to turn round on the spot, and distinguish, by her smiling familiarity, another man in company with whom she had reason to be better pleased. No vain woman can be more fond of admiration, than men of this cast. Let them be conscious of a judiciously-given disappointment, and no men are such nothings. The sensible woman who laughs *with* the creature she should laugh *at*, debases herself; puts herself on a level with him. But this is the judgment—To avoid superciliousness, and being “really” prudish (no matter for the aspersions) in the correction she looks; for a look will give it. I am speaking of a sensible woman, you know!—Such women, scores

of which, I was going to say, I have the happiness to know.

“The admonitions of parents can never have the effect on young minds, that the examples of persons near their own age can produce; and reasons why it must be so, are obvious and natural enough.”

Never, Miss H! Where the parents are companionable to their children, and can allow for the foibles of youth: such as your's, suppose? Where the children are reasonable, and have no points in view which they are ashamed to own?—What! never, Miss H!—And are there not such cases?—Cannot there be such open-hearted frank girls as Harriot, where there is a Mrs. Shirley or Mrs. Selby?—Unhappy that there are not more such indulgent parents, and such undisguisedly-minded children! How “obvious” soever the reason for what you say is, there cannot be a more dangerous doctrine propagated among young people, than that which springs from an allowance of this nature. And I

have therefore taken notice in print, that young people, in certain cases, should never be determined by the advice of young people; and least of all by that of those who are in the same circumstances with themselves. "It is not", I have said, "what *you* would do, Sally, Sukey, &c. were you "in my case, but what *ought* to be done." I know that your observation is rather owing to facts, than justice. But we will not, if you please, too readily give up justice to facts, lest we should make custom a law; where it would be of general use to applaud the "exception," and to endeavour to weaken the force of the faulty "rule."

Give me leave to say, that I intended more by setting in strong lights the frankness of Harriot's character, in one of the most delicate circumstances of female life, and the sweet-tempered indulgence of good Mistresses Shirley and Selby, (and Mr. Selby too, odd as he is, and nearer to the character of common men,) than what, at first sight, may be thought of, on a cursory reading,

ing. What, do you think, I have had the confidence to answer to the pressing instances of two persons, for whom I have great honour, that I would begin a new piece? "That I would think of doing so, when I "had reason to believe, that the many delicate situations that this last piece, as "well as *Clarissa*, abounded with, were generally understood and attended to." What a duce, must a man be always writing, (what though he has the good fortune to please those who want not his instructions) without hope of amending the inconsiderate!

Remind me, my dear Miss H.—But I have no room to say of what—nor to add more, than that I am,

Your sincere admirer,
paternal friend, and humble servant,
S. RICHARDSON.

LETTER

LETTER CLI.

Mr. DUNCOMBE to the Rev. Mr. STINSTRA.

Inclosed in a letter by Mr. Richardson.

London, June 14, 1754.

..... **T**HE present archbishop of Canterbury, while preacher to the society of Lincoln's inn, had a course of excellent sermons on the Ten Commandments and the Lord's Prayer. His few printed discourses were preached on public occasions, and are all out of print*.

Mr. Browne's poem, *De animi immortalitate*, is applauded here by the best judges.

Mr. Balguy has been dead some years. His son, a clergyman of learning and ge-

* They were collected and published by Mr. Duncombe, in one volume octavo, in 1763. There are seven of them.

nus,

nus, was lately a fellow of St. John's college, Cambridge*.

Mr. D. is of opinion, that such a book of "practical morals" as Mr. Stinstra seems to desire, is not at all wanted in England.

The "moral discourses" by Tillotson and Clarke cannot, perhaps, be paralleled by any thing among the ancients for strength and perspicuity.

Wollaston's "Religion of nature delineated" is an admirable work, though his main pillar seems too weak to support such a fabric.

Dr. Foster "on religious and social duties" must not be omitted. The prayers at the end are rational and sublime. It is thought that he destroyed his health by too close an application to this work. His de-

* Dr. Balguy is now archdeacon of Winchester.

fence of the christian revelation, in answer to "Christianity as old as the creation," is worthy of the subject.

Fordyce's "Elements of moral philosophy*" is a master-piece both for reason and eloquence.

Grove's system of "moral philosophy" is the substance of lectures, which he read to his pupils, for he kept an academy. The additional chapters by Mr. Amory, (now living) seem not inferior to the original.

* First published in the "Preceptor." Mr. David Fordyce, who was professor of philosophy in the marishal college of Aberdeen, was also author of "dialogues on education," and "Theodorus, a dialogue concerning the art of preaching." The last was published after his untimely death in 1755 by his brother, the Rev. Mr. (now Dr.) James Fordyce. Returning from a tour through several parts of Europe, the professor lost his life, in its full prime, by a storm on the coast of Holland.

Mr.

Mr. Grove was no less an orator than a divine and philosopher. He is not so much known and admired (which are the same thing) as he deserves to be. There are four fine *Spectators** in the viiith volume written by him, when very young.

His collection of sermons is, also, excellent. And, upon the whole, he ought to be numbered with our finest writers.

* Number 588, on the dignity of human nature, 601, on benevolence, 626, on the force of novelty, and 635, on the improveable faculties of the soul. By these papers Mr. Grove shewed himself well acquainted with the lovely and generous affections of the human soul, as well as its surprising dignity and large capacities for happiness, which he has represented in a manner fit to inspire his readers with a strong concern to act a part answerably generous and noble. The last of these papers was published by the direction of Dr. Gibson, bishop of London, in an excellent treatise, entitled "The evidences of the Christian religion," by Joseph Addison, esq; 12°. 1734.

"Biographia Britannica," vol. iv, p. 2446.

Hutcheson is not to be set on a level with the foregoing writers, though he has some excellent things ; but he founds virtue on instinct rather than reason, which may give occasion to dangerous mistakes. Some letters passed between him and Mr. Gilbert Burnet (a son of the bishop) on this subject ; in which Mr. D. thinks the latter had much the better of the argument. They are in print.

Morality justly complains of such treacherous friends as Hume and Bolingbroke, but smiles on these her genuine sons, and delights to enroll with them the name of her Stinstra.

To that pious and learned divine Mr. D. wishes health and spirits, that he may be able to prosecute and finish his laudable essays.

P. S. To the authors already mentioned, might have been added *Cumberland de legibus naturæ*.

LETTER

LETTER CLII.

Dutch. Dowager of SOMERSET* to Mrs. —.

1754.

I AM sorry, good Mrs. —, to find that your illness seems rather to increase than diminish; yet the disposition of mind with which you receive this painful dispensation, seems to convert your sufferings into a blessing: while you resign to the will of God in so patient a manner, this disease seems only the chastisement of a wise and merciful Being, who chasteneth not for his own pleasure, but for our profit. Were I not convinced of this great truth, I fear I must long since have sunk under the burden of sorrow, which God saw fit to wean my foolish heart from this vain world, and shew me how little all the grandeur and riches of it avail to happiness. He gave

* See vol. ii, letter cxxiii, note †.

me a son*, who promised all that the fondest wishes of the fondest parents could hope; an honour to his family, an ornament to his country; with a heart early attached to all the duties of religion and society, with the advantage of strong and uninterrupted health, joined to a form, which, when he came into Italy, made him more generally known by the name of the "English angel" than by that of his family. I know, this account may look like a mother's fondness; perhaps it was too much so once: but alas! it now only serves to shew the uncertainty and frailty of all human dependence. This justly beloved child was snatched from us before we could hear of his illness: that fatal disease, the small-pox, seized him at Bologna, and carried him off the evening of his birth-day †, on which he had completed nineteen years. Two posts before, I had a letter from him,

* Lord viscount Beauchamp. See vol. ii, letter cxxx, p. 166.

† September 11, 1744.

written with all the life and innocent cheerfulness inherent to his nature; the next but one came from his afflicted governor*, to acquaint his unhappy father that he had lost the most dutiful and best of sons, the pride and hope of his declining age. He bore the stroke like a wise man and a Christian, but never forgot, nor ceased to sigh for it. A long series of pain and infirmity, which was daily gaining ground, shewed me the sword which appeared suspended over my head by an almost cobweb-thread long before it dropped †. As to my bodily pains, I bless God, they are by no means insupportable at present: I rather suffer a languid state of weakness, which wastes my flesh and consumes my spirits by a gentle

* Mr. (afterwards Dr.) Dalton was tutor to lord Beauchamp, but the "Supplement to the Biographical Dictionary" (published in 1767) says, "a bad state of health prevented him from attending his pupil on his travels abroad, and saved him the mortification of being an eye-witness of his death."

† Algernon duke of Somerset died February 7, 1749-50.

decay,

decay, than any frightful suffering, and am spending those remains of nature which were almost exhausted in continued care and anxiety for the sufferings of a person dearer to me than to myself. My daughter*, who is very good to me, has sent me her youngest son†, just turned of four years old, to amuse me in my solitude, because he is a great favourite of mine, and shews a great deal of his uncle's disposition, and some faint likeness of his person. It is high time to release you from so long a letter, but there are some subjects on which my tears and pen know not how to stop when they begin to flow.

I am, dear Madam,
Your sincerely affectionate friend,

F. SOMERSET.

* The countess (now dutchess) of Northumberland.

† Now lord Algernon Percy.

* LETTER

* LETTER CLIII.

Earl of CORKE * to Mr. DUNCOMBE.

Lincoln's-inn-fields, Sept. 14, 1754.

I Received, dear Sir, your "translation of "Horace" †. You have my approbation, and, I dare say, you will have the approbation of good judges. Your notes are excellent, and therefore I wish them enlarged. I think, there cannot be too many notes on Horace. I even love to see fancies and conjectures on such an author. I own, I have indulged myself much in suppositions, and perhaps unwarrantable inventions, when I have read him, or any other favourite classic: most of them, however, are in the fire. Of late, I have passed all the little leisure I could spare in reading Addison's "travels." I read them long ago: they disappointed

* See vol. ii, letter xcv, note *.

† Book i, satire 6. On true nobility.

me then; they disappoint me still. The style is stiff, disagreeable, and tame. They were written in his early days. I wish he had polished them in his latest. He is the glory of our English writers; but there are specks in the sun.

By what means I know not, a very beautiful English ode * has been lately dropped here. It is certainly your son's. He is a prophet, as well as a poet, and foresees the plan which I intend to pursue. But he has adorned it with poetical decorations, to fulfil the *Quidlibet audendi*, and to convince me of the partiality of a friend.

The character of being singular and reserved may terrify a young man; but after forty, all those fears are over. I was much in the great world at the beginning of my life; so much, that I have despised it, ever since I have arrived at years of reflection.

* "To the Genius of Italy." See Doddsley's "poems," vol. vi, p. 263.

My constitution was never strong. I am really thankful that it was not so. My health is a true, and no very irksome, excuse, to avoid those scenes, that would hurt my body, and offend my mind. Conversation, unless very good, is to me detestable. The idleness of coffee-houses, where heretofore I have whiled away so many hours, is now despicable and dangerous. The professors of party are either the subtlest knaves, or the weakest fools. The clergy, in general, very unworthy of their calling. Can you wonder then that I leave my native country? I have long been concerting this scheme. Till now, I could not bring it to bear. Such valuable and esteemed friends as you, my chaplain, Mr. Jeffreys *, and some others, I leave with

* See vol. ii, letter xcii, note †. On the death of this gentleman, in 1755, his lordship expressed himself as follows: " You brought a tear or two from
 " me by your account of Mr. Jeffreys. I am truly
 " sorry he is gone, but receive great comfort by
 " hearing the manner of his departure. Integrity
 " and elegance shone very eminently in his counte-
 Vol. III. E nance

great regret. That pang over, methinks I go on eagle's wings into Tuscany. I want no friendships, for I take my wife and daughter * with me. I want instructive companions, and in them I shall be very wary. There is no sipping; no jarrings of the same kind in Italy as in England. Ours is a scene of personal feuds and private animosities. Foreigners perceive it, and laugh at us. They are polite; and live at ease with each other. We still preserve the liberty and manners of the ancient Britons; to be rude and to quarrel among ourselves †.

The town is a desert. Even the court is thin at Kensington. In a fortnight the
 “ nance and manners. His age attracted veneration.
 “ He moved and spoke the gentleman. I shall honour
 “ his name and memory as long as I live : so will
 “ every one who knew him.”

* Lady Lucy Boyle, now viscountess Torrington.

† Of this the next letter may be considered as a palinody.

king

king returns, though I cannot look upon his residence as out of town. With him will appear blue garters, and a numerous train of people, "who strut their hour upon the stage, and then are heard no more." I have filled this paper to shew you, that my heart is full of you, and I am in these (were they the last) moments of my departure, to you, and to my name-fake, a true and faithful servant,

CORKE*.

LETTER CLIV.

Earl of CORKE to Mr. DUNCOMBE.

Marignolle†, July 18, 1755.

YOUR kind letter, dear Sir, should have been sooner answered by me, if a

* His lordship left London September 20, and arrived at Florence October 23.

† Marignolle is one of the pleasantest situations which the environs of Florence afford. Some of the

gouty winter, and an unhealthy spring, had not rendered my correspondence irksome, because it must have been plaintive. I judge of my friends by myself, and therefore would at least hide from them all complaints 'till entirely over; well knowing what the heart feels on these occasions. The heat of Italy is universally acknowledged; so ought the cold to be: yet I have seldom heard it mentioned. Being perfectly idle, I have kept a diary of the weather, and it would amaze you to see the account from December to the middle of May. The uncertainty of the weather was

windows of the house, in which his lordship resided, command a view of the ancient Fiesole, the remains of which moulder on the summit of a very high hill, inconvenient for want of water, most beautiful in point of prospect. That Etrurian city was enlarged by Sylla the dictator. The renowned triumvirate, Octavius, Antony, and Lepidus, improved it: it was then called Florentia, and when removed, for the acquisition of water, "*Fluentia, quod ad Arni fluentia extruenda fit.*"

See lord Corke's "Letters from Italy," (lately published) p. 236.

still

still more surprising than the cold : we have had all kinds of seasons in a day. For the future, think better of the situation of our own island than you have done. I have been a terrible sinner in my opinion of England. Travelling has corrected and opened my eyes in that particular. I repent, and shall sin no more.

We are settled in a country-house near Florence. The situation is high, the prospect pleasant, and the distance from the town (only two miles) allows my daughter the benefit of all her masters, which are many and excellent in their kind. Forgive the Florentines their morals, (which appear not openly bad to strangers) and they are an obliging, civil people ; who, though without liberty themselves, love to see instances of it in others ; so that we live here very much at our ease, and if not with great pleasure, at least not with discontent.

Count

Count Maffei* resides at Brescia. He is old, and at present engaged in a controversy on ecclesiastical topics; of which dispute I can tell you no particulars, because indeed I asked none. He is little known here. We have some men of letters in Florence that do honour to their country. Most of them read and understand English. I was amazed to find our authors and language in such high esteem in this part of the world. Let me name some of these *literati*. The person among them with whom I have the greatest friendship is Dr. Cochi, a most worthy, learned, and ingenious physician. He is in himself a living library, and has a heart not at all inferior to his excellent head. He was in England with the late Lord Huntingdon, and speaks English

* This learned and polite writer, the author of *Merope*, &c. died soon after, as Dr. Warton, in his "Essay on the writings and genius of Pope," published in 1758, on quoting a passage from him, styles him (p. 191) "a 'late' acute searcher into anti-quity," and says, "his death is justly lamented."

fluently

fluently and well. So does the Abbé Nicolini, who has also been in England, and is a man of great family, of excellent sense, thorough knowledge of books, persons, and things, and particularly obliging and attached to the travellers of our nation. The Abbé Buondelmonte is superior to most, and inferior in learning to none. My health hindered me from attending the exercises of the Cruscan academy last winter; a loss which I hope to repair the next. There Buondelmonte shines. There are several others, but I have sent you a triumvirate not easily to be paralleled.

I suppose, the winter has abounded, as usual, in London, with infinite productions of wit, or what wishes to be wit, but as yet I have scarce seen an English book. I expect some soon; amongst them Mr. Johnson's dictionary and Hume's history of Great Britain. The latter has made a noise, so as to raise the curiosity of many here. After this expected parcel, I shall scarce venture to send for any more books, lest they fall a prey to the

Gallic

Gallic privateers, who will drown all English books, as evil spirits that ought to be laid in the sea. I am sorry that the chorus of the popular song is *Bella, horrida bella*. As yet we have gained so little by wars, that my wishes are all for peace; but if we must have a war, let it be sharp, short, and decisive.

Your kindness will make you glad to know that I am perfectly recovered; but I owe my recovery to the heat, and not to the cold, of Italy. The latter indeed was too strong for me, and knocked me down. I am now enjoying the former, and, as yet, think it agreeable as well as wholesome. The evenings are delightful. We generally walk from eight to ten, without fear of damps, which, you will allow, is a most happy circumstance.

Few books are written here; some are, but they are local; and the Florentines are in too decaying a state to produce any great or noble work, though they enjoy the finest
and

and some of the rarest manuscripts in the world. The scene of Florence is melancholy. The city extremely beautiful, but poverty and idleness in every street. The shops are shut up four or six hours in the middle of the day. By that you will judge of their trade. Sir Horace Mann, the king's resident here, does great honour to our nation. He lives nobly, keeps an assembly once a week, and omits no civility or act of friendship to his countrymen; or to the Italians; so that scarce any minister was ever so much or so justly esteemed and beloved.

My paper draws me to an end. I will finish almost in your own words:—Objects, when viewed near, lose their lustre; and the admiration, which first possessed us, turns into a kind of familiarity, that sometimes is the parent of contempt.

I am, dear Sir,

Your obliged and faithful humble servant,

C O R K E.

LETTER CLV.

Earl of CORKE to Mr. DUNCOMBE.

Florence, Sept. 12, 1755.

YOU will excuse the haste, dear Sir, in which I write this letter, when I tell you that I am packing up my trunks, saddling my mules, and bridling my horses to return to England. Business calls me, and inclination is very ready to obey the call. We shall leave Florence on the 20th, and as we go through Germany, instead of France, we may possibly be five or six weeks on the road, though we are fully resolved to lose no time that our diligence or health can command.

Our summer now is over, and therefore I can assure you that the heats of Italy are by no means so dreadful as they have generally been represented; nor have the climate, the people, or the prospects, answered
the

the pictures that I have often seen drawn of them. The autumn, (such I think the present season) is hitherto rainy; the mornings cool, the evenings warm; the middle of the day sometimes sultry. As yet September has been filled with thunder and lightning; chiefly in the nights, always violent, and often attended with high winds. . . .

Mr. Johnson's dictionary certainly deserves the thanks and general approbation of the public. It is a vast undertaking to be completed by one man. I have not had time to examine it, not even to read the preface. Sir Horace Mann leaves it constantly on his table, and I now and then peep into it for some few minutes. To please all, is impossible: few will have candour enough to own themselves pleased: scarce any will own themselves improved. But were the truth known, those who are forwardest to blame, are generally forwardest to steal from the very books at which they are so scornfully offended. The ge-

nerality of readers intend to appear learned by being four and ill-natured ; and since all books must have faults, the justest manner of treating those faults is by weighing them with the perfections, and then giving the two scales full liberty to vibrate ; but

There is a lust in man, no power can tame,
Of loudly publishing his neighbour's shame ;
On eagles wings invidious scandals fly,
While virtuous actions are but born and die.

War, war is the theme of all discourse. Tuscany will probably escape in peace : here are neither riches nor men to furnish armies or fleets. The ancient Etrurians meddled only with arms when omens were auspicious. The present Etrurians chuse not to meddle with any weapons more offensive than a fiddle-stick ; and, to avoid all omens of battles and bloodshed, they pay their devotions more to the " Lady" than the " Lord." I am, dear Sir,

Ever your most obedient servant,

CORKE.
LETTER

LETTER CLVI.

HENRY JOHNSON*, Esq; to Mr. DUNCOMBE,

DEAR SIR, Berkhamsted †, Feb. 8, 1756.

I NEVER saw Mr. Hughes's "poems" till now, upon your mentioning them, I borrowed them of your niece, and have glanced the greatest part of them over. Surely he was a man of very great genius, and his talent for the pleasing and the pathetic was remarkably excellent. He proved himself, as you say, a true prophet, and the poem, called the "Ecstasy," which you particularly recommend, is indeed "ecstatic" and truly sublime ‡. You have

* Father to the ladies of Sir William Beauchamp Proctor, bart. and the late lord chancellor Yorke. He died in 1760.

† In Hertfordshire.

‡ See Mr. Hughes's "poems," vol. ii, p. 299.

done

done a great favour to the world in ushering so noble and so instructive a work into it. Pity it is for mankind, that so good a man, and so ingenious an author, should be thus suddenly snatched away in the full bloom of life and wisdom,

I am much obliged to you for your kind offer of assistance in the concerns of the Abbot Feijoo *. I am sure he stands in need

* Mr. Baretti gives the following account of this celebrated modern;

“ Amongst the modern writers of Spain, the most
 “ renowned is a Benedictine monk, called Father
 “ Feijoo. I have seen an edition of his works in
 “ eight volumes quarto. He is still living [1769]
 “ and still writing, but I have not read enough of
 “ those volumes to venture upon his character as an
 “ author. By what I have cursorily seen, I cannot
 “ say he would be looked upon on the other side of
 “ the Pyrenéans with the great veneration that is paid
 “ him in Spain. Nevertheless, it is a rule with me,
 “ that a man universally esteemed by his country-
 “ men during several years, as is the case with him,
 “ must be endowed with uncommon powers; be his
 “ weaknesses and faults ever so numerous. The
 “ Spanish

of very great help to make him shew his face in an English dress in public: this was never any part of my intention; for what I have done in this work has been only by way of amusement in the melancholy winter months, and as a means to make me retain, what I value beyond measure, the little smattering I have of the sublime language of the Spaniards*. All that I have hitherto done has been only to translate this

“ Spanish minute critics have attacked him severally; and I take it for granted, that sometimes they were in the right; it is so easy a matter to be sometimes right, when hunting for faults and weaknesses even in the best writers! Yet Feijoo’s general powers have stood the malignant virulence of all Spanish reviewers, whose wise remarks have been forgotten as soon as read; just as it happens in England, where minute critics are no less plentiful than oysters and muscles.”

Journey from London to Genoa, &c.
vol. iii, p. 47-9.

* Mr. Johnson, in his younger years, had resided some time at Buenos Ayres, in the service of the South Sea company.

valuable

valuable author out of Spanish, but then I am confident I have been far from putting him into English: this requires a more masterly hand than I can pretend to. The work is large and laborious; five volumes * in quarto are enough to terrify the most daring from looking into it, much more from revising and correcting it. The subjects too, I doubt, are too grave and unenterprising for the present taste of reading; many of the discourses are metaphysical and philosophical, and not a few of them particularly adapted to the present reigning follies and prejudices of the Spaniards, and would seem perhaps too foreign and too trifling for an English reader; and yet, in general, they abound with a great deal of good sense, true learning, and sound morality. However, that you may have a better notion of the whole, I here send you inclosed the titles of the several discourses, of which I have translated the three first volumes complete, and those marked thus

* Three more volumes have since been added.

† are finished of the others. I agree with you, that it would be a thousand pities to have so valuable a work suppressed; but who shall bring it to light? I am sure I am not equal to it in any respect.

If Father Feijoo's style be (as you say) "clear and manly" in the English translation, performed by so poor a hand as mine, think what it must be when dressed in all the loftiness and nervous strength of the Spanish original. I would not be without this limb of modern learning for any consideration, as I truly think this language, above all others, the most sublime, majestic, and copious, as far as my little knowledge extends*.

I never was in Flamsted church, but, upon what you mentioned of an inscription

* In like manner, Mr. Baretti expresses his opinion of the Spanish language as follows:

"The Spanish language, with regard to its sound, seems to me even more harmonious than ours [the
VOL. III. G Italian.]

therein on the Saunders family, I had recourse to Sir Harry Chauncy's "history of Hertfordshire," where I found it at large*, and a very noble and most solemn composition it is; and there are some thoughts in it far from common. This put me in mind of rummaging among some family memoirs, for an epitaph, something

Italian.] "It is at least full as susceptible of music as ours, which is not the case with those of England and France. Like that of Tuscany, it has some soft guttural, which renders it quite enchanting to my ear."

* P. 568. This monument, which is very stately and expensive, being all of pure Italian marble, curiously wrought and polished, was erected by Thomas Saunders, esq; of Beechwood (formerly a nunnery, dedicated to St. Giles in the wood) in memory of five of his children. The English part of the inscription (above-mentioned) is as follows:

"Whofo looketh hereon may consider how fleeting all worldly comforts are, and how great a vanity it is to place his affection thereon; such things there are as worldly comforts, 'tis true; but they ought to be looked on as little streams,
" and

similar, on an ancestor of mine, the grandfather to my great-grandmother (Sir John Mason) who lies buried under St. Paul's, and his tomb once subsisted in the old church of Holy Faith, under the fabrick of the old cathedral. Dugdale, in his "history of that church," has preserved one in Latin on the tomb of the same person, and something to the same purpose; but the English one, as it is somewhat peculiar, I here send you.

"To the memory of Sir JOHN MASON,
 "Who, though but threescore and three
 "years old at his death, yet lived and
 "and whoever delights in them more than in the
 "fountain from whence they proceed, may soon find
 "them dry and vanished. The truth of which he
 "that wrote this hath sensibly found, and wills
 "others to place their affections chiefly on that ob-
 "ject of love, which is unchangeable, and is the
 "centre of all true joy and felicity."

Mr. Saunders died in 1693, leaving issue only Anne his daughter and heir, who was grandmother to the present Sir John Sebright, baronet, of Beechwood.

“ flourished in the reigns of four princes,
 “ viz. Henry the eighth, Edward the sixth,
 “ queen Mary, and queen Elizabeth, and
 “ was a privy-counsellor to them all, and
 “ an eye-witness of the various revolution
 “ ons and vicissitudes of those times. To-
 “ wards his latter end, being on his death-
 “ bed, he called for his clerk and steward,
 “ and delivered himself in these terms :
 ‘ Lo ! here have I lived to see five princes,
 ‘ and have been a privy-counsellor to four
 ‘ of them : I have seen the most remar-
 ‘ kable things in foreign parts, and have
 ‘ been present at most transactions for
 ‘ thirty years together : and I have learned
 ‘ this, after so many years experience, that
 ‘ seriousness is the greatest wisdom, tem-
 ‘ perance the best physic, and a good con-
 ‘ science the best estate ; and were I to live
 ‘ again, I would change the court for a
 ‘ cloyster, my privy-counsellor’s bustles
 ‘ for an hermit’s retirement, and the whole
 ‘ life I have lived in the palace for an
 ‘ hour’s enjoyment of God in the chapel :

‘ all

‘ all things else forsake me, besides my
‘ God, my duty, and my prayer.”

I thank you for lord Corke’s sentiments
of Mr. Hume’s “ history of Great Bri-
“ tain *.” His lordship’s judgment of
books is incontestable, and therefore from
his character of it I shall become a pur-
chaser.

I am, dear Sir,

Your affectionate humble servant,

HEN. JOHNSON.

* Viz. “ The style is particularly lively and ex-
“ cellent. Where he is obscure, I believe, he is af-
“ fectedly so. An impartial historian will not ever
“ exist. His materials are admirably put together ;
“ many very curious remarks ; some new facts ; and
“ all old and known stories put into a new method,
“ and perfectly entertaining.” His lordship adds,
“ The Scotch are running away with all our litera-
“ ture. I never saw a foolish Scotchman : I believe
“ I shall now scarce ever see an illiterate one.”

“ T H E

“ UNIVERSAL THEATRE of CRITICISM,

“ O R

“ Various DISCOURSES on all kinds of matters
“ for the confutation of VULGAR ERRORS.

“ By the Rev. Benedictine Father, JEROM FEIJOO,
“ Abbot of St. VINCENT at OVIEDO.

“ V O L. I.

“ The voice of the people. Virtue and
“ vice. High and low fortune. The best po-
“ licy. Uncertainty of phyfic †. Regimen
“ to preserve health. Defence of the pro-
“ fession of letters. Judicial astrology and
“ almanacks. Eclipses. Comets. Climac-
“ teric years. The senectude * of the
“ world. Prosecution of the former subject.
“ Against modern philosophers. Church-
“ music. Parallel between the French
“ and Spanish languages. Defence of
“ women †.

† These two were published separately (in En-
glish) a few years ago.

* See the next letter.

“ VOL.

“ VOL. II.

“ Philosophical wars. Natural history.
 “ Divining arts. Supposititious prophecies.
 “ Use of magic. The modes. Moral se-
 “ nectude* of mankind. Apparent wis-
 “ dom. Antipathy of the French and Spa-
 “ niards. Critical days. Weight of the
 “ air. Sphere of fire. The anti-peristasis.
 “ Physical paradoxes. An intellectual map,
 “ or a comparison of nations.

“ VOL. III.

“ Saluters * (or charmers.) Secrets of
 “ nature. Sympathy and antipathy. Hob-
 “ goblins and familiar spirits. The divi-
 “ ning rod, and second-sighted men (cal-
 “ led Zahories *.) Supposititious miracles.
 “ Mathematical paradoxes. Philosopher’s
 “ stone. Rationality of brutes. Love of
 “ native country, and national passion.
 “ Scale of Astræa, or right administration
 “ of justice. Ambition in sovereign prin-
 “ ces. Philosophical scepticism.

* See the next letter.

“ VOL.

“ V O L. IV.

“ Apparent virtue †. Value of nobility,
 “ and influence of blood †. Inextinguish-
 “ able lamps †. Every man his own phy-
 “ sician †. Sacred peregrinations and pil-
 “ grimages. American Spaniards. Merit
 “ and fortune of Aristotle †. Reflections
 “ on history †. Transformations, and ma-
 “ gical transmigrations †. Fable of the
 “ Batuécas *, and imaginary places. A
 “ new case of conscience. Resurrection of
 “ the arts, and apology of the ancients †.
 “ Glory of Spain, in two parts.

“ V O L. V.

“ A mathematical rule for human faith †.
 “ Physiognomony. A new art of physiog-
 “ nomony. Machiavelism of the ancients †.
 “ Common observations. Signs of actual
 “ death †. The exterminating aphorism*,
 “ Divorce of history and fable. New phy-
 “ sical paradoxes. Books of politics †.
 “ The grand magistracy of experience †.

* See the next letter.

“ New

“ New properties of light †. Existence
 “ of a *vacuum*. Intransmutability of the
 “ elements. Solution of the grand histo-
 “ rical question concerning the peopling of
 “ America, and revolutions of the terra-
 “ queous globe †. Popular traditions. A
 “ new precaution against the artifices of al-
 “ chymists, and vindication of the author
 “ against a gross calumny *.”

LETTER CLVII.

MR. JOHNSON TO MR. DUNCOMBE.

DEAR SIR, Berkhamsted, March 4, 1756.

..... THE apposite enquiries you
 make, concerning the titles of some of Ab-
 bot Feijoo's discourses, shew the extreme

* “ The honour and advantage of agriculture, the
 “ 13th discourse of the viiith volume,” said to be
 translated by a farmer in Cheshire, was printed for
 Doddsley in 1760. “ This,” says the author, “ is,
 “ the only art which had its origin in man's state

VOL. III.

H

“ of

difficulty of a just translation of that work ; for there are many words in the Spanish language that cannot be reduced into any other, nor is there any one tongue, ancient or modern, that abounds with so many compound words as the Spanish, excepting the Greek only, and if to this be added the many Arabic or Moorish words, engrafted on it, as also some of the ancient original Spanish still remaining, you will easily conceive the difficulty, though indeed the chief part of the composition consists of corrupted Latin. The word “ senectude,” which you enquire after, is derived from *senex*, *senectus*, and cannot be otherwise translated, so as to carry any proper idea along with it, than by calling it “ senectude ;” for if, instead of this, we were to say the “ old age of the world,” it would not answer the purpose of the two discourses, one of which is to shew that

“ of innocence; other arts arose after the world
 “ had been polluted by sin—Men were the inventors
 “ of all other arts: God himself invented agri-
 “ culture.”

the

the world has not suffered any visible decay in its "substance" since the creation; the other, that it has not degenerated in its "morals," but is much more virtuous now than it was two, three, or four thousand years ago. The word "saluters" does not answer in this place to the intent of the original. I take it to be derived from the Latin *salus, saluator*; for these "saluters" here spoken of, were and are a set of impostors in Spain, who pretend to cure infection in man and beast, particularly the bite of mad dogs, by blowing on the patients, as I remember here in England there were, some time since, a parcel of fellows called "stokers," who made a shew of the same thing in a different manner. "Zahories" is absolutely Arabic, and the persons under this denomination pretend to a sort of second-sight, so as to perceive mines, and springs, under ground. "The Batuëcas" is a parcel of land, so called, which among the Spaniards is conceived to exist in their country, and to be inaccessible and unapproachable. As to

“ the exterminating aphorism,” I will here cite the literal translation from the author, who begins that discourse thus : “ I give “ this infamous epithet to the 52d aphorism “ of the iid book of Hippocrates, of which, “ if I were to say, that it has taken away “ the lives of more than an hundred thousand persons, I should yet fall short of “ the truth. It is but just therefore that “ such a notorious homicide as this should “ be brought on the stage of criticism, that “ thus the whole world should see its execution. The aphorism, or to speak more “ properly, the sentence of death, of which “ we are speaking, is the following : *Omnia secundum rationem facienti si non succedat secundum rationem, non est transeundum ad aliud, suppetente quod ab initio probaveris.*” Our author from hence takes occasion to decry the mischievous effects of this maxim, and also very learnedly and very wittily to

* Πάντα κατὰ λόγον ποιοῦντι, καὶ μὴ γινόμενον τὸν κατὰ λόγον, μὴ μεταβαίνειν εἰς ἕτερον, μινούτος τῆ δοξάντος ἐξ ὧν.

expose the ignorance of those physicians that adhere too closely to it.

I have often thought, as you do, in the affair of these Spanish discourses, that if a translation was ever to be printed, it might be best to do it by selecting some of the most entertaining, and printing them in one volume ; but this cannot well be done, as in many of them there are references from one to the others, which makes a sort of connection between them, though they are on different subjects ; and as to the idiosyncratic part, some curious persons might be better pleased with it than the others more common, it being a foible natural to mankind to laugh at the follies of other people, and to neglect their own. I should therefore think, if these things were to be published at all, they would do best in numbers, like our monthly magazines, and might come out one in each fortnight, and in this manner there would

be

be time to revise and correct them for the press *.

Pray, in this dismal time of earthquakes, had you ever the curiosity to read the account of that of Lima, published four or five years ago by Osborne, which was a handy-work of mine, though my name was never used in it? The subject is proper enough for the melancholy season at present.

I am, dear Sir,

Your most obliged and most

obedient humble servant,

HEN. JOHNSON.

* Some of these pieces were thus printed in the Lady's Magazine in 1760.

* LETTER

* L E T T E R CLVIII.

Archbishop HERRING to Mr. DUNCOMBE.

DEAR SIR, Croydon-house, June 22, 1756.

YOU may be sure, if I had been in any good condition of health and spirits, you would not have been so long without thanks for your last kind letter. I continue extremely out of order ; I think in a confirmed dropfy ; and though I am sure, Dr. Wilmot has done all that art and friendship can do for me, I rather lose ground. I have now been near half a year in this dismal way, worse than the acutest pain, because of its duration ; and every thing I take feeds the distemper, while, at the same time, it prolongs life ; for

Ready oft the port t'obtain,
I'm shipwreck'd into life again.

I know who sent me hither, and how much it is my duty to attend his summons for a removal ;

removal ; but life is over with me ; and
sometimes, in my airings, I repeat two
pretty lines of Parnell,

But what are fields, or flowers, or air, to me ?
Ah ! tasteless all, if not enjoy'd with thee.
O Health !——

I am, dear Sir,
Your assured friend,
THO. CANTUAR.

LETTER CLIX.

Rev. Mr. DYER * to Mr. DUNCOMBE.

S I R, Coningsby †, Nov. 24, 1756.

YOU have most agreeably increased my
obligations : and it was very kind and in-

* Author of " Grongar-hill," the " Ruins of
" Rome," and " the Fleece." Of this ingenious
writer very few particulars are known ; and therefore
the following, from his own pen, cannot be unac-
ceptable

genuous to inform me somewhat of yourself, as, in the generous freedom of your spirit, you broke through the little vulgarity of fashion, and wrote to one whom you never saw, and to one who has been long out of the world.

Your invitation is exceedingly engaging. The simplicity of your manner of life, and your regular hours, to me are luxuries. And how well do you set forth your entertainment in the names of Mr. Hawkins Browne and the author of *Clarissa*; and, if I am not mistaken, in those of Miss Carter and Miss Talbot *! What a bill of fare! Yet old Barzillai, though invited by David to the highest elegances of life, held it vain
 ceptable to the admirers of his excellent writings; in which number we include every one who has read them.

“Monthly Review,” vol. *xlvi*iii, p. 35.

† Near Horncastle in Lincolnshire.

* A mistake—probably for Miss Mulso, now Mrs. Chapone.

to go to Jerusalem, when he could *no longer hear the voice of singing men and singing women*. Frailties also are troublesome in company—except in Frith-street, where they are carried into the arms of humanity. In spring therefore, perhaps I may quit my solitude here, and venture abroad with an hundred infirmities upon my head; and sacrifice my vanity to one so benevolent as Mr. Duncombe.

..... I have not met with Doddsley's two last volumes, and have hitherto missed the pleasure of seeing the "*Ode to health**". Though head-achs and sickness make me fearful of reading much, yet I will haste to see it; it will particularly suit me: I will seek it, as I seek health, which, alas! I very much want. Your humble servant is become a deaf, and dull, and languid creature; who, however, in his poor change of constitution, being a little recompensed

* By Mr. J. Duncombe. See Doddsley's "*poems*," vol. iv, p. 275.

with the critic's phlegm, has made shift, by many blottings and corrections, and some helps from his kind friend, Dr. Akenfide, to give a sort of finishing to the "Fleece," which is just sent up to Mr. Doddsley; but as people are so taken up with politics, and have so little inclination to read any thing but satire and news-papers, I am in doubt whether this is a proper time for publishing it.

I have read none of the Connoisseurs—No papers reach this lonely place. I know not how the world goes—but with Mr. Hughes, as an author, I am well acquainted, and am glad that we are to have a fuller account of the life of so beautiful a poet*.

Lord chancellor has been favourable to me. This living is 120*l.* *per ann.* The other, called Kirkby, 110*l.* But my pre-

* In the "Biographia Britannica," vol. iv, by Dr. Campbell.

ferments came in this course: Calthorp in Leicestershire, (80l. a year,) was given me by one Mr. Harper in 1741. That I quitted in 1751 for a small living of 75l. called Belchford, ten miles from hence, and given me by lord chancellor, through Mr. Wray's* interest. A year after, through the same interest, Sir John Heathcote gave me this, and lately procured me Kirkby of lord chancellor, without my solicitation. I was glad of this, on account of its nearness to me, though I think myself a loser by the exchange, through the expences of the seal, dispensations, journeys, &c. and the charge of an old house, half of which I am going to pull down. More of myself, (which your good-natured curiosity draws from me) is this: After having been an itinerant painter in my native country (S. Wales,) and in Herefordshire, Worcestershire, &c. &c. I married, and settled in Leicestershire. My wife's name was Enfor†, whose grand-

* Daniel Wray, esq; one of the deputy-tellers of the exchequer, a friend to virtue and the muses.

† Sister of Mr. Strong Enfor, of Warwickshire.

mother

mother was a Shakespear, descended from a brother of every body's Shakespear. We have four children living; three are girls; the youngest a boy, six years old. I had some brothers; have but one left. He is a clergyman*, lives at Marybone, and has such a house full of children as puts me in mind of a noted statue at Rome of the river Nile, on the arms, legs, and body of which are crawling, and climbing, ten or a dozen little boys and girls†.

Believe me to be, Sir,

Your most obliged humble servant,

JOHN DYER.

* Now yeoman of his majesty's almonry.

† To the account here given may be added, that Mr. Dyer was the second son of Robert Dyer, esq; of Aberglasney in Carmarthenshire, a solicitor of great capacity and note; that he finished his school-studies at Westminster under Dr. Freind, from whence he was called away to be instructed in his father's profession; but disliking the law, and his father soon after dying, he settled himself with Mr. Richardson, painter, in Lincoln's inn-fields, being fond of the art of drawing from his childhood, and his imagination

*LETTER CLX.

Mr. DYER to Mr. DUNCOMBE.

DEAR SIR, Coningsby, Jan. 31, 1757.

WANT of health was a cause of not writing, that gave me concern. I hope it happens but seldom; and that it was owing to what makes most people out of order—bad weather; the ill effects of which, here at least, are general. I think I never was so weather-sick: the deep snows forbid me air and exercise; and my best medicine is a friend's letter. You see how much I am obliged to you.

Your son also I am obliged to: and I am under strong temptation—You are ad-
gination glowing and strong. He afterwards travelled into Italy for improvement, and at Rome formed the plan of his poem on its “ruins”. At his return, ill health, his love of books, solitude, and reflection, induced him to enter into orders. He died in 1758, aged 58.

ding

ding to my bill of fare. I feel your kind art in twisting and strengthening the silken cord, which, probably, in the spring, will draw me to town; where, I have reason to flatter myself, I shall see, what I so much like and covet, two or three cheerful countenances, easy simplicity, and soft humanity; and, if a sweet female voice should come in, I am still able to hear the murmur of music, which I excessively love.

Your good liking of those verses, "Have my friends in the town*," &c. should have

* The reader will not be displeased to find this beautiful "Epistle" here at large:

1.

HAVE my friends in the town, the busy gay town,
Forgot such a man as John Dyer?
Or heedless despise they, or pity the clown,
Whose bosom no pageantries fire?

2.

No matter, no matter, content in the shades—
Contented! why every thing charms me!
Fall in tunes all adown the green steep, ye cascades,
'Till hence rigid virtue alarms me:

3. 'Till

been acknowledged in my last. I have a wicked memory: it is a great misfortune. Neither did I thank you for mentioning the new kind of trumpet—but I never use any; for, putting my hand to my ear, I can give it such a form as will increase my hearing. Besides, cold-bathing, frequent and moderate exercise, frequent frictions of my head and ears, warm feet, warm water with my wine, and supperless nights, have much abated my deafness.

3.

'Till outrage arises, or misery needs

The swift, the intrepid avenger;

'Till sacred religion, or liberty, bleeds,

Then mine be the deed and the danger!

4.

Alas! what a folly, that wealth and domain

We heap up in sin and in sorrow!

Immense is the toil, yet the labour how vain!

Is not life to be over to-morrow?

5.

Then glide on my moments, the few that I have,

Sweet-shaded, and quiet, and even,

While gently the body descends to the grave,

And the spirit arises to heaven.

Mr.

Mr. Doddsley indeed has the "Fleece." I did not think this a fit season for its publication; but my friend Mr. Wray overcame me; and though it has lain long "by" me, not much "before" me, 'tis now precipitated to the press, with such faults, as must be imputed to the air of a fenny country, where I have been, for the most part, above these five years, without health, without books, and without proper conversation. I say not this in any arrogant sense—for, God knows, I am far from despising either the peasant or the country parson.

Good Mr. Edwards* was my particular friend: even Mr. Wray cannot lament him more than I do. How seasonable are your presents! They have an additional beauty in being new to me. Even the "Rambler" has not reached this place;

* Of Turrick in Buckinghamshire, author of the "Canons of Criticism," &c. He died about two weeks before the date of this letter (on a visit) at Mr. Richardson's, at Parson's Green.

nor have the beams of his "Sunday*" ever shone upon me. You see what proofs I give you of being quite out of the world.

Most expressive, I am afraid, is that one word of yours, *Fuimus*. . . .

I am, Sir,

Your obliged humble servant,

JOHN DYER.

* L E T T E R CLXI.

Mr. DYER to Mr. DUNCOMBE.

DEAR SIR,

Coningsby, March 19, 1757.

I, WHO want so many apologies myself, must be ashamed to read any from you; but I too have been ill; and my coughs have been so continual and violent, that I dreaded the posture of writing: yet, though it gives me shame, it gives me also pleasure

* An allegorical paper, so signed, (No. 30, vol. i) written by the late excellent Mrs. Catherine Talbot.

to observe, that your apology and inclination to a correspondence with me, shew your warm benevolence; for we, in the country, who see nothing but earth and sky, who hear nothing but the inarticulate voices of beasts and birds, cannot correspond with you in town upon an equal footing: wanting bustle and news, we can furnish only trifles in exchange, and must always depend upon your generosity; therefore the calling any letter from Coningsby "agreeable" gives me a clear view of your benevolence.

'Tis my wish, forgive me, that the gout may pay you many an annual visit. I would wish no such thing, were you a younger man, or did you not discover such a resignation as will ever preserve a relish for an useful life; and useful always is the life of every good man. So that I cannot imagine how so many of the wise and virtuous Romans, &c. could, in any circumstance, approve of self-killing—But my thoughts grow over-grave—'tis no wonder,

for I am now confined by illness—Yet I can taste pleasure—and am rejoiced to hear, that the merits of my generous friend, your son, are so well taken notice of by our humane archbishop. I have been at Canterbury; 'tis an agreeable city, in a very pleasant country.

I never heard of any collection of letters by Mr. Edwards: yet there may be such: he gave all his studies a turn to criticism.

—Ah! just this moment the Stamford Mercury comes to me, and mentions the death* of the good archbishop. Your son and all mankind have lost a friend.

I am, Sir,

Your obliged humble servant,

JOHN DYER.

* On March 13,

* LETTER

* L E T T E R CLXII.

Mr. DYER to Mr. DUNCOMBE.

DEAR SIR,

Coningsby, May 9, 1757.

I AM in a very great decline of health ; and I own to you ingenuously, that I chide and force myself to write to you, because I ought not only to have but also to shew great respect to one of so generous and friendly a disposition.

I hope you have received a book of the "Fleece." Mr. Doddsley, I think, has performed his part very well ; but, in one or two places, there have happened such alterations of the copy, as make me give my reader false precepts. Pray be at the pains of making in your book these two corrections :

Book 1, line 72,

Strike out " Or marl with clay deep mix'd,"

Write " Or heavy marl's deep clay,"

as

as it was in the copy: but better perhaps thus:—

“ Or depth of heavy marl be then thy choice.”

Line 89,

Strike out “ Upland ridge,”

Write “ Shelt’ring mound.”

I will not trouble you with any more, but I will Mr. Doddsley, lest a second edition should happen.

You were pleased to enquire, “ when the “ swallows appear in Lincolnshire ? ” Indeed I have not yet seen them: but I am told, they have been skimming about my garden this fortnight. Nevertheless, dear Sir, I yet want courage to determine upon a journey, and appoint a time of waiting on you. Besides, I am in mortar—rebuilding a large barn, which the late wind blew down, and gathering materials for rebuilding above half the parsonage-house of my other living. These, some years ago, I should have called trifles: but “ the evil “ days are come,” and the lightest thing, even

even the grasshopper, is a burden upon the shoulders of the old and sickly.

I am, dear Sir,

Your obliged humble Servant,

J. DYER.

Pray who is Dr. Cotton* (in Doddsley's "Miscellanies"?) There is good sense in his "Fire-side †;" and his "To-morrow," in imitation of Shakespear, is excellent.

L E T T E R CLXIII.

Mr. RICHARDSON to the Rev. Mr. J.

DUNCOMBE †.

DEAR SIR,

London, July 14, 1757.

I TAKE this opportunity (by the hands of your worthy father) to attempt to thank

* A physician at St. Alban's in Hertfordshire.

† Vol. iv, p. 258.

‡ Fellow of C. C. C. Cambridge, and rector of St. Andrew's and St. Mary Bredman's, Canterbury.

you,

you, with a staggering pen, for the letter of the excellent lady who subscribes to it the name of Sylvia. I am charmed with every line of it. A time there was when I could have written sheets upon the contents. But now I am unhappy with these violent tremors. At times they quite unnerve me, and will not suffer me to hold a pen.

My best respects to this unworthily-afflicted, this prudent, this magnanimous, this pious lady. She has my praises and my prayers. She has greatly interested me in her sad story and future destiny. Will she not allow me to be acquainted with her progress to perfection? To be told in what manner she is able to contend with her difficulties, should they continue, and maintain her resolution? I hope she will allow me this favour.

What a glorious though painful situation is hers! The godlike power of forgiveness is all her own. Her supplications to the throne of grace for herself (who that lives
has

has not some failings ?) must succeed : she has, let me boldly say, a claim to be forgiven, since she can forgive the trespasses of one, who, forgetting his vows of deserved love and honour, can be guilty of premeditated trespass against her ; and, higher still, resolve, almost against all hopes of redress and earthly reward, to return good for evil !

Poor Dorastus ! what a figure makes he, placed in the eye of even mitigated justice, with his admirable wife ! Poor (indeed poor) Dorastus !—Oh that thou wert to read, that thou wert able to reflect duly upon, the following noble sentiments of thy exalted lady !—

Here, my friend, my pen staggering in my fingers, I was about to dictate to a faithful hand the passages from the lady's letter which I so deservedly admire. But finding, that, to do her justice, I must transcribe the greatest part of her letter, I forbore.

Adieu, my dear Mr. Duncombe !

S. RICHARDSON.

VOL. III.

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* LETTER

*LETTER CLXIV.

Mr. DYER to Mr. DUNCOMBE.

DEAR SIR, Coningsby, Aug. 1, 1757.

IT grieves me that I cannot keep pace with your civilities—no, nor even acknowledge them in due time. Alas! in any thing, I can as ill acquit myself as a gouty man can dance; but it cannot be helped, I write to humanity.

The most agreeable parcel is at last sent me. I have run over the “Horace.” I will next walk over it. After that, I will crawl over it—not so much to criticise, as to be luxurious over it; for it seems very correct.

Since Mr. Strahan has carried his translation* so far, it would be great pity if age, or sickness, or the backwardness of his friends, should prevent the finishing of it.

* Of the “Æneid.”

Ah!

Ah! the swallows—happy those who fly about Soho! But my wings are not only grown weak; they are even losing their feathers. I am afraid I shall never make one among them, though your invitations are most provokingly agreeable. I am so weak, and so much in pain, that this letter cannot be tiresomely long.

Believe me to be, &c.

J. DYER.

LETTER CLXV.

Rev. Mr. MEADOWCOURT * to
Mr. DUNCOMBE.

DEAR SIR,

Worcester, July 10, 1758.

I AM very much obliged to you for remembering a person who has been so long

* Prebendary of Worcester. On May 29, 1716, as this gentleman (then batchelor of arts, and fellow of Merton-college) was drinking the king's and other loyal healths at the Constitution-club at Oxford,

out of sight, and for giving me so acceptable a token of your remembrance as the first volume of your "Horace." To the dishonour of this place, there are no book-sellers, and but few readers of books here.

in company with several officers of the army, they were visited by the sub-proctor, whom Mr. M. requested to drink king George's health with them. For these "affronting and improper words," (as they were termed) Mr. M. was put (by the proctor) into the "black book," and was sentenced to be kept back from his degree of master of arts for two years. Nor could he then obtain it, (as he refused publicly to acknowledge the heinousness of his crime, and the lenity of his sentence) but by pleading his majesty's act of grace. On the same day in the year 1719, Mr. M. again distinguished himself, by complaining to the vice-chancellor of a seditious sermon, preached before the university, by Mr. Warton, professor of poetry. The vice-chancellor, who had at first refused to take cognisance of it, being commanded by the lords justices to proceed against the preacher, the affair ended with Mr. Warton's deposing upon oath that "he had lost his notes." For an abstract of the sermon, see Amherst's "*Terræ filius*," numb. 15. A stall at Worcester was, some years after, the reward of Mr. Meadowcourt's loyalty. He died in 1760.

Most

Most of the clergy, especially the incumbents on cushions in a cathedral, have finished their studies before they are lifted into preferment. Worldly cares, or worldly enjoyments, too active, or too passive, a life, often lead them too far astray from literary pursuits.

I am glad to find the bishop of Kildare* mentioned among your friends, as I am sure that his friendship must yield you the highest satisfaction. Every good and agreeable quality meet together in his character, without the least mixture of any thing bad. Nothing is wanting in him but better health, which is sometimes in such a state as to occasion extreme pain to himself, and no less concern to all who know him.

The account you have heard of my being much addicted to the peripatetic sect is a true account. But it is in winter, and in the cool seasons, that I venture on walks of

* Dr. Fletcher. He died at Dublin in 1761. His two younger brothers were successively deans of Kildare.

any considerable length. He who travels on foot has an opportunity of wandering from hill to hill, from stream to stream, and from one rich valley to another ; of dwelling on lovely landscapes and delicious scenes ; and of seeing numberless objects and numberless places, which are inaccessible to the horseman, and never were seen by any one whirled through the country in the state-prison of a coach. For these and many other reasons, I chuse to make use of my own legs, and prefer the wholesome exercise of walking to all the modes of conveyance which effeminacy and luxury can invent. If I live to take another philosophical journey on foot to London, Mr. Duncombe in Frith-street may depend on hearing me knock at his door.

My place of residence, during the summer-months, is almost twenty miles from hence, *in reductâ valle,*

Qua pinus ingens albaque populus

Umbram hospitalem consociare amant ramis.

Here

Here my days pass away in peace, undisturbed by ambition and envy, not altogether devoted to solitude, nor too often interrupted by social visits. I rejoice here in the works of my hands, which are constantly employed in forming a wood into walks, in nursing a thicket of shrubs, and in adding the improvements of art to those of nature in a most delightful situation *.

* This gentleman, while he was fellow of Merton-college, had a very elegant garden there, in which were the following mottos, after the manner of the Italians. Over the door,

—— *Me sylva, cavusque*
Tutus ab insidiis, tenui solabitur ervo.

On a bench near the entrance of the garden,

—— *Hæc est*
Vita solutorum miserâ ambitione gravique.

On another bench next the fields,

—— — *Mibi parva rura*
Parca non mendax dedit, et malignum
Spernere vulgus.

On

Was it not for such amusements as these,
accompanied with the entertainments of

On a small pump,

Parvum parva decent.

And on a little pyramid in memory of the founder,
Walter de Merton,

Ille nobis hæc otia fecit.

On the outside of a summer-house at the upper end
of the garden.

*In his ipsis rebus, quæ ad requietem animi delecta-
tionemque quærentur, natura dominatur.*

And on the inside,

*Inter cuncta leges, et percontabere doctos,
Quâ ratione queas traducere leniter ævum ;
Quid minuat curas, quid te tibi reddas amicum ;
Quid purè tranillet, honos, an dulce lucellum,
An secretum iter, et fallentis semita vitæ.*

In his chambers also, over his books, was inscribed,

*His me consolor, victurum suavius, ac si
Quæstor avus, pater atque meus patruusque fuissent.*

And on one of his chairs,

Otium, non desidia.

books,

books, I should probably be found at the foot of Parnassus, courting the Muses, and catching at some of that poetical spirit which is still indulged to you. May it long be indulged to you, and be ever attended with satisfaction and success! These are not the compliments, but the sincere wishes, of, dear Sir,

Your most obliged and
faithful humble servant,

R. MEADOWCOURT.

I can give you but a bad account of any thing I have published of late years *. Mr. Sandby, bookseller, in Fleet-street, may, perhaps, have reason to give you a worse.

* In particular, "A critical dissertation, with
"notes, on Milton's Paradise Regained, 1748," of
which there have been two editions.

LETTER CLXVI.

Mr. MEADOWCOURT to Mr. DUNCOMBE.

DEAR SIR,

Worcester. Dec. 4. 1758.

IT is owing to a long excursion from home, and a more tiresome attendance on an audit, which is here an occasion of much collegiate festivity, that I am so late in acknowledging the favour of your letter, and in thanking your son for his very acceptable present*. No author who finds himself praised in print can be more delighted than I was, in finding proper jus-

* The "Feminead, or Female Genius, a poem."

The ladies there celebrated are Mrs. Catherine Phillips, Anne countess of Winchelsea, Mrs. Cockburne, Mrs. Rowe, Frances dutchess dowager of Somerset, Anne viscountess Irwin, Mrs. Wright (sister to Mr. Wesley,) Mrs. Madan, Mrs. Leapor, Mrs. Carter, Mrs. Brooke, Miss Ferrar (now Mrs. Peckard,) Miss Pennington (of Huntingdon,) Miss Mulso (now Mrs. Chapone,) and Miss Highmore, since married to the author.

tice

tice done in the "Feminead" to the characters of Mrs. Madan and Miss Carter, who have ever been my favourite heroines in verse. The spirit which animates the poems of these two ladies seems transfused into Mr. Duncombe's. His Muse is a Muse of sound judgment as well as strong sense. She is never unintelligible in her flights, never hides her head *inter nubila*, and never *serpit bumi*.

I am glad to hear that you spent part of the last summer at Stocks. You seem doubtful whether I have ever been at that agreeable place. Mrs. Duncombe can tell you that I was once a troublesome guest there, on your nephew Lewis's * invitation, for more than a fortnight, and during that time had great satisfaction in visiting Mr. Gore's family at Tring, and my worthy friend Dr. Cowper at Berkhamsted. The beech-woods, the lawns, the hills, the well-watered valleys, and the extensive views of the country round Aylesbury, are

* See vol. ii, letter xc.

still strongly impressed on my mind. The last visit I paid your brother was the last visit I wished to pay, as I came thither, at his request, with the remains of a most amiable and hopeful youth *, and saw them laid in the grave. His loss, and the loss of Dr. Cowper, have made me a voluntary exile from that part of Hertfordshire, which, with all its charms, can hold forth nothing inviting to, dear Sir,

Your most affectionate and

obliged humble servant,

R. MEADOWCOURT.

L E T T E R CLXVII.

Rev. Mr. HIRST† F.R.S. to Mr. J. DUNCOMBE.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

Lenox, off Madagascar,
Sept. 6, 1759.

W H E N we left England, three important expeditions were carrying on. The

* See note † on letter cxviii, vol. ii, p. 101.

† The writer of this letter (who was the eldest son of the Rev. Dr. Hirst, late rector of Bengoe and Sa-combe,

first under commodore Moore in the West Indies, the next under admiral Saunders

combe, Hertfordshire, and was educated at St. Peter's college, Cambridge) after having served as chaplain on board several of his majesty's ships, (particularly the Hampton-court, when dispatched to Lisbon after the earthquake in 1755, of which city he made a drawing in its ruins,) was at this time chaplain of the Lenox and secretary to rear-admiral Cornish. While he was on the coast of Coromandel, he was present at the sieges of Pondicherry, Vellour, &c. and on June 6, 1761, he made an accurate observation of the transit of Venus over the sun at the government-house at Madras, in company with governor (now lord) Pigot, &c. of which an account is given in the "Philosophical Transactions," vol. lvi, and in the "Gentleman's Magazine" for 1762, p. 177. In March, 1762, he was appointed chaplain to the factory at Calcutta, by the favour of Mr. Vansittart, then governor of Bengal, and resided there, in general esteem, till the year 1765, when he returned to England, with his excellent friend, in his majesty's ship the Panther. In their passage, Mr. Hirst took a view of the cape of Good Hope, which was engraved in 1766 by Mr. Canot. At the second transit of Venus, on June 3, 1769, Mr. Hirst was one of the assistants to the astronomer-royal at Greenwich, and an account of his observation was published in the "Philosophical Transactions," vol. lviii, p. 361, and
in

against Quebec, and the third under admiral Boscawen sent to the Mediterranean. The event of these must now be determined and known at home. I hope they have all fully answered the public expectation*.

Our squadron sailed from St. Helen's, in company with the latter, on the 15th

in the "Gentleman's Magazine" for 1770, p. 402. Being now in easy circumstances, happy in himself and in his friends, nothing could have tempted him to "wander again over the face of the great deep," but the ties of gratitude and the calls of friendship. On a heart like his, these had claims that were irresistible. As chaplain to the commission he therefore embarked with Mr. Vansittart on board the *Aurora*, in Sept. 1769; and in that fatal voyage accompanied, alas! the supervisors to "that country from whose bourn no traveller returns." Let this suffice—the wound is too painful to bear any farther probing.

* They did most fully; witness the conquest of Gaudeloupe and Quebec, and the destruction of the Toulon fleet. Admiral Cornish's squadron was no less successful by contributing largely to the reduction of Pondicherry and Manilla.

of

of April, 1759. In the chops of the channel our two fleets separated, to pursue our respective destinations.

Our first place of rendezvous was the island of Madeira, where we anchored May 2. This is a very fertile spot, but the generality of the inhabitants are poor ; at which you will not wonder, when I tell you how much they are pestered with swarms of idle priests and monks—mere drones, who live upon the honey of the hive !

Sic vos non vobis mellificatis apes.

Here I had the pleasure of seeing a comet in the constellation Crater. From its great southern latitude, I believe it was not visible in England, as it disappeared before it made any considerable progress to the northward. I transmitted a crude account of it to my good friend commissioner Mead, of the customs, but by being on board, and wanting proper instruments, could

could not be very exact in the observation. However, I traced its path in the heavens with sufficient accuracy to determine its motion and inclination to the ecliptic.

After we had taken in our wine and other necessaries for our voyage, we prepared to leave this island, and were under weigh May 8. Our next rendezvous was St. Augustine's bay, on the west side of the island of Madagascar, where we arrived August 11, and having completed our water, and refreshed our people, sailed from thence September 1.

The accounts of this place are very imperfect, from its being so little frequented by Europeans, except in time of war, when the English East India fleets generally touch here to be supplied with fresh provisions, &c. In short, it is under the same predicament to us that we were to the Romans, being *penitus toto divisa orbe**. But be this

* The best and most authentic account ever given of Madagascar was published in 1729, by Robert Drury,

as it may, it is a very fine island, productive not only of the necessaries but even the delicacies of life. It would fill many sheets

Drury, who, being shipwrecked in the *Degrave* East Indiaman, on the south side of that island, in 1702, being then a boy, lived there as a slave fifteen years, and after his return to England, among those who knew him (and he was known to many, being a porter at the East-India-house) had the character of a downright honest man, without any appearance of fraud or imposture. The truth of this narrative, as far as it goes, was confirmed by its exact agreement with the journal kept by Mr. John Benbow, (eldest son of the brave but unfortunate admiral,) who, being second mate of the *Degrave*, was also shipwrecked, and narrowly escaped being massacred by the natives with the captain and the rest of the crew, Drury and three other boys only excepted. Mr. Benbow's journal was accidentally burnt, in the year 1714, in a fire near Aldgate, but several of his friends, who had seen it, recollected the particulars and its correspondence with Drury's. To the circumstance of its being thus destroyed, as well as the subject of it, the compiler of Mr. Benbow's life in the "*Biographia Britannica*," vol. i, p. 688, seems to have been a stranger. Instead of "a large and very comprehensive book," it was only a journal, like those kept by every sea-officer.

to acquaint you with the anecdotes I collected, and the observations that occurred, during our stay there. Suffice it to say (merely for the sake of thrusting in a poetical quotation) that in the offing of St. Augustine's bay we saw many whales, which frequently swam very near the ship, and were near half as long: an awful sight! These the natives call *tushes*. They spout water to an incredible height, and, in the most stark calm, will, by flouncing and lashing their tails, stir the sea to a tempest. They abound so much in these parts, that it is no uncommon sight to see ten or twelve of them spouting together, which, at a distance, very much resemble the sea breaking on a ledge of rocks:

Huge of bulk,
 Wallowing unweildy, enormous in their gait,
 Tempest the ocean; here Leviathan,
 Hugest of living creatures, on the deep,
 Stretch'd like a promontory, sleeps or swims,
 And seems a moving land—and at his gills
 Draws in, and at his trunk spouts out, a sea.

O rare John Milton!

Madagascar

Madagascar is divided into a number of petty kingdoms or states, the largest of which is that of Brecefs, which (as the natives informed me) abounds with gold mines, as does the kingdom of Volambo with those of silver. And there is great reason to credit this assertion; for the teeth of many of the sheep, and other cattle, killed on board our ship, were so much covered with a metalline scale as to resemble teeth of brass. This the miners are said to look upon as an infallible indication of a mine being under the surface on which such cattle graze. I will not answer for the infallibility of this trial, but am sure it is more consistent with reason than the idle tales of the divining rods. In the first volume of the learned Boerhaave's "Elements of chemistry," page 22, part ii, I met with the following observation: the author, treating of gold, says, "In Madagascar there is a very soft sort, which runs like lead, with a gentle fire:" for the truth of this he refers to "Flacourt's history of the island of Madagascar," ch. 49. I have not this

book ; yet have often observed a large button of a yellow cast, like those which the Dutch wear on their breeches, tied, by way of ornament, to the crown of the Madagascar princes heads *. This, I found, was

* In like manner, Drury says, p. 244, " The men
" adorn themselves with ' mannelers,' which are
" rings for their wrists ; and these both men and
" women of distinction wear. They are sometimes
" of gold, (but where they get it is more than I
" know, and perhaps worth enquiring after,) often
" of silver, but more often of copper ; which I found
" at length is produced, and made in the country,
" as well as iron."

Again, p. 376, describing the dress of the king of Feraingher, (called by the Europeans Yong-owl) he says, " On his forehead were several gold beads ;
" about his neck was a very fine gold necklace ; over
" his shoulders hung two strings of beads, several of
" them gold ; on each wrist about six mannelers of
" silver, and four rings of gold on his fingers."

And p. 393, " They have silver in some of the
" most mountainous and inland parts of the country,
" and know how to make ear-plates of it, and man-
" nelers ; so that I have the strongest reason to think
" the country produces it ; nor is there much reason
" to doubt, but gold is to be had here."

remarkably

remarkably soft, which made me think it was base metal, but they all affirmed it was fine gold. I shall mention but one circumstance more to corroborate the above opinion. Not far from Tent-rock in St. Augustine's bay, in the king of Baubau's dominions, is a mineral spring, which also affords reason to suspect that there are mines of some sort or other in its neighbourhood. However, our European Mammon has not yet set foot on this rich soil; for he, according to Milton, first taught men to value gold:

————— By him first
Men also, and by his suggestion taught,
Ransack'd the centre, and with impious hands
Rifled the bowels of their mother earth
For treasures better hid—

I am, &c.

W. HIRST*.

* "This letter and notes," (say the Monthly Reviewers) "will give both pleasure and pain to the
"lovers of humanity and the friends of science.—
"How complicated was the loss which this country
"sustained

* LETTER CLXVIII.

Mr. HIRST to Mr. FAZAKERLEY.

DEAR SIR,

Lenox, off Cape Comorin *,
Nov. 18, 1759.

ON August 11 we came to an anchor in St. Augustine's bay, Madagascar. We found the shore, for some miles near the sea, surrounded by some mountains of sand, and saw not a foot of earth all the time we were there; but the natives say there is a very fine rich soil in the inland countries.

The above mountains are covered with large tamarinds, ebony, *lignum vita*, ma-

" sustained by the loss of the Aurora! Mr. Falconer
" author of the 'Shipwreck,' an admired poem,
" (published in 1763,) and of a valuable 'Diction-
" ary of the marine,' (1769,) perished also on board
" the same unfortunate ship." Mr. Falconer was
purser.

* The southern extremity of the coast of Malabar,
lat. 8°. S. long. 76°. 45'. E.

hogany,

hogany, and other valuable trees. In the rivers are many alligators *, which render it dangerous to bathe in places unfrequented, and some of them, it is said, are more than fourteen feet long. There are many wild beasts, particularly tygers, who often leave the print of their feet on the sandy beach. Not long ago a very large one was killed by one of the natives †. There are also many bats, so large, that some of them measure more than three feet from the extremities of the wings; they have heads like foxes, and like them too are covered

* In a small river, which he was going to cross, Drury saw four alligators, and was pursued by one of them, but afterwards swam safely over it by carrying a fire-brand burning in his hand: a practice which he had learned in Bengal. He also rescued a young woman from an alligator, who had dragged her into the stream as she was dipping her calabash for water.

† Drury says " he never knew of any beasts of prey, such as tygers, lions, &c. in Anterndroea:" that is, on the southern side of the island. St. Augustine's bay is on the western.

with

with hair of a reddish hue; for which reason, they are generally called "flying foxes": towards the evening great flocks of them fly over the valleys, and very much resemble crows in their slow regular flight. Camelions are frequently to be met with, and a creature called a macawk, of a very harmless nature, and easily tamed. I procured the three last animals as curiosities; but the bat died, the camelion gave me the slip, and the macawk only remains alive. Its shape is between a monkey and a squirrel, but not at all mischievous; its tail is very long and beautiful, and diversified with rings of black and white. The bullocks are finely limbed, and have a large hump of fat between the shoulders, not unlike a camel's†. This hump is not so good eating as a cow's udder, and has a tallow-

* Mr. Nieuhoff, in his "voyages," gives the same account of the bats of Malabar.

See "Churchill's Collection," vol. ii; p. 256.

† "The cattle are fine beasts, and have a hump
" between their shoulders, almost like a camel's, all
" fat

ish taste. They weigh between five and six hundred weight each, and are bought for a ten-shilling gun or an iron pot.

The sheep are not woolly, but covered with hair, and very large, but in general lean, the fat of their bodies descending to their tails, which are often so heavy, that they can scarce walk with them*. About five or six of these are deemed equivalent to a bullock. The goats are very fine, fat, and tender, and (to my taste) little inferior to English venison. We could not hear that there were any horses, or beasts trained for carriage, among them†. Perhaps they are

“ fat and flesh ; some of which might weigh, as near
“ as I can guess, about three or four score pounds.”

“ Drury’s Journal,” p. 83.

* “ Here are also some sheep with great heavy
“ tails, like Turkey sheep ; but they are not woolly
“ as ours, rather hairy as a goat.” *Ibid.*

† “ That these people had not their religion from
“ any polite or learned nation, is plain by their retaining no notion, or memory, of letters ; nor their
Vol. III. O “ having

not yet sufficiently civilised to think of such indulgences to indolent dispositions.

The natives intimate, that the grass in the inland countries is very fine*, but for many miles round St. Augustine's bay there grows only a kind of rushes or flags, five or six feet high, which they call grass, and with which the ships supply themselves, for their live stock they take on board; but it is very poor food, and we found it afforded little or no nourishment: the cattle are soon emaciated that have nothing but this to eat. There is great plenty of poultry in the if-

" having a horse among them, or so necessary a
" machine as a wheel of any kind, either for car-
" riage, or other use."

Preface to " Drury's Journal," p. xi.

* This is confirmed by Drury, who says, " The
" plains are well covered with several sorts of grass,
" and of different colours, which grow to a much
" greater height than any in England: they never
" cut any for hay, for before the old is dead, new
" is sprung up under it."

" Drury's Journal," p. 287.

land

land; the quails and partridges are less than ours, and very dry and harsh. The Guinea hens are very good and tender, equal to the best pheasants or woodcocks, though not much relished by the natives.

They have no priests among them, the chiefs discharging the offices of religion themselves*. When these great personages are at variance, they come to a reconciliation by drinking together seven spoonfuls of bullocks blood †, and for differences of long continuance they drink seven drops of their own blood. Their religion is com-

* “ They having no priests, the chief man, whether of the county, town, or family, performs all divine offices himself.” *Ibid.* p. 81. “ Every man here, a poor man as well as a lord, is a priest for himself and family.” P. 236.

† The ceremony, which Drury mentions as the usual ratification of treaties, is the roasting the liver of an ox, which is put on lances, and eaten with imprecations by the princes, or their ambassadors. P. 155.

pounded of Mahometism * and Paganism, Our Monday is their great day of worship. When they sacrifice bullocks to some particular idol or deity, the bullocks hearts are consumed in the fire, but all the other parts are divided by the people present, who are assembled together by the blowing of conchs or the beating of drums. They practise circumcision, at which ceremony they make a sacrifice according to their abilities or circumstances †.—

— I must here break off in the middle of my story to tell you, our Squadron joined

* Drury finds no resemblance between the Mahometan religion and that of Madagascar: "On the contrary," he says, "Mahomet pretended to talk with God, but these people will not hear with patience that any one ever conversed with Deaan Unghorray, the Supreme God." P. 456. They also eat swine's flesh. P. 341.

† Drury gives a particular account of the ceremony of the circumcision of his master Deaan Mevarow's son, "near a year old, for they have no certain time of doing it." P. 239—243. The feast lasted three days.

admiral

admiral Pocock the 18th of last month;
that we are now off Cape Comorin, in our
passage to Tillicherry *, and are very sickly,
having buried fifty of our people.

I am your sincere friend,

W. H.

* L E T T E R CLXIX.

JOSEPH WARD, Esq; † to Mr. HIGHMORE.

DEAR SIR,

Willington, near Derby,
July 13, 1761.

— ON Monday last I saw an account
of the death of Mr. Richardson. You have
lost a valuable friend, and the world an
ingenious man. I know no modern author
that was a greater master of the passions
than he was, or had a greater insight into
human nature.

* An English factory on the Malabar coast, eighty
miles south-east from Goa.

† Barrister at law. He died in 1767.

— *Meum*

*— Meum qui pectus inaniter angit,
Irritat, mulcet, falsis terroribus implet,
Ut magus, et modo me Thebis, modo ponit Athenis*.*

I have somewhere read, but where I cannot tell, that Dr. Harvey (who discovered the circulation of the blood) was so delighted in reading of Virgil, that he would sometimes fling the book away, and say "it had a devil." I confess, in reading *Clarissa*, which I take to be Mr. R.'s capital performance, and seeing her piety, purity, and delicacy so ill used by a *Lovelace*, I have been scarce able to pacify myself, 'till I have recollected that this scene, so artfully worked up, had no other existence than in Mr. Richardson's fancy or imagination.

* 'Tis he who gives my breast a thousand pains,
Can make me feel each passion that he feigns,
Enrage, compose, with more than magic art,
With pity or with terror tear my heart,
And snatch me o'er the earth, or through the air,
To Thebes, to Athens, when he will, and where.

Pope.

tion.

tion *. I am obliged to him, for he hath contributed much to my entertainment, and I hope I may say, to my improvement; for I have many times thought I have returned from reading him a better man than I was before I began. How can a man be better employed than by instructing mankind, and making them wiser and better than they otherwise would be! To this good end I cannot but think his writings greatly conducive, except some scenes in Pamela and Clarissa, which, I confess, I have sometimes thought had better been left out.—

I am

Your most obedient humble servant,

JOSEPH WARD.

* “ Mr. Richardson,” says lord Corke, in one of his letters, “ draws tears from every eye. It is impossible to take up his works, without quitting the thoughts of every thing else, and travelling with him wherever he pleases to carry us.”

LETTER

LETTER CLXX.

Mr. WARD to Mr. HIGHMORE.

DEAR SIR, Willington, Oct. 14, 1761.

I Received your favour of the 29th of July, and though I am sensible that from the prophecies in the Old and New Testament, and from the history, calamities, dispersion, and present state and condition of the Jews, a strong argument may be drawn in favour of the Christian revelation, yet I know myself absolutely incapable to do justice to it; but as you say, “ you will “ not admit of any excuses from pretended “ inability, which (you add) are trite and “ you shall deem unkind,” I have no other way than to try (however unequal I am) to perform the task you are pleased to impose upon me.

The most easy and natural method of proceeding in this matter seems to me to be

1. To

1. To consider some of the most remarkable prophecies in the Old and New Testament.

2. Whether many of those prophecies (though not all) have been completed and accomplished.

3. To examine, whether, supposing you lay the prophecies and their completions out of the case, the present state of the Jews is not a strange and unnatural phenomenon, and, according to the nature and common course of things, wholly and absolutely unaccountable.

In the xxviiiith chapter of Deuteronomy, the Jews, as a nation, are threatened with a long catalogue of terrible evils in case of disobedience, which, from the 16th verse to the 37th, are particularly enumerated.

In the 37th verse. *Thou shalt become an astonishment, a proverb, and a by-word, among all nations whither the Lord shall lead thee.*

45. Moreover, all these curses shall come upon thee, and shall pursue thee, and overtake thee, till thou be destroyed: because thou hearkest not unto the voice of the Lord thy God, to keep his commandments and his statutes which he commanded thee.

46. And they shall be upon thee for a sign, and for a wonder, and upon thy seed for ever.

49. The Lord shall bring a nation against thee from far, from the end of the earth, as swift as the eagle flyeth, a nation whose tongue thou shalt not understand:

50. A nation of fierce countenance, which shall not regard the person of the old, or shew favour unto the young.

52. And he shall besiege thee in all thy gates, until thy high and fenced walls come down, wherein thou trustedst, throughout all thy land, &c.

53. And

53. And thou shalt eat the fruit of thine own body, the flesh of thy sons and of thy daughters (which the Lord thy God hath given thee) in the siege and in the straitness wherewith thine enemies shall distress thee :

54. So that the man that is tender among you and very delicate, his eye shall be evil toward his brother, and toward the wife of his bosom, and towards the remnant of his children which he shall leave :

55. So that he will not give to any of them of the flesh of his children whom he shall eat : because he shall have nothing left him in the siege and in the straitness wherewith thine enemies shall distress thee in all thy gates.

56. The tender and delicate woman among you, which would not adventure to set the sole of her foot upon the ground, for delicateness and tenderness, her eye shall be evil towards the husband of her bosom, and towards her son, and towards her daughter,

57. *And towards her young one that cometh out from between her feet, and towards her children which she shall bear: for she shall eat them for want of all things secretly in the siege and straitness wherewith thine enemy shall distress thee in thy gates.*

64. *And the Lord shall scatter thee among all people, from the one end of the earth even unto the other; and there thou shalt serve other gods, which neither thou nor thy fathers have known, even wood and stone.*

65. *And among these nations shalt thou find no ease, neither shall the sole of thy foot have rest; but the Lord shall give thee there a trembling heart, and failing eyes, and sorrow of mind.*

66. *And thy life shall hang in doubt before thee, and thou shalt fear day and night, and shalt have none assurance of thy life.*

67. *In the morning thou shalt say, Would God it were even: and at even thou shalt say, Would God it were morning, &c.*

These

These are some of the remarkable verses in that chapter, which a man of humanity cannot help being wounded in the transcribing; nor can a man help observing what strong painting of deep distress is therein contained!

In the xxxth chapter of Deuteronomy, verse 1. *And it shall come to pass when all these things are come upon thee, the blessing and the curse, which I have set before thee, and thou shalt call them to mind among all the nations whither the Lord thy God hath driven thee,*

2. *And shalt return unto the Lord thy God, and shalt obey his voice according to all that I command thee this day, thou and thy children, with all thine heart, and with all thy soul:*

3. *That then the Lord thy God will turn thy captivity, and have compassion upon thee, and will return and gather thee from all the nations whither the Lord thy God hath scattered thee.*

4. *If*

4. *If any of thine be driven out into the utmost parts of heaven, from thence will the Lord thy God gather thee, and from thence will he fetch thee.*

5. *And the Lord thy God will bring thee into the land which thy fathers possessed, and thou shalt possess it, &c.*

For though the Jews were to suffer all these calamities, to be scattered and dispersed in the manner foretold, yet they were not to be absolutely destroyed, as appears by several places in the prophets:—
Jeremiah xxx, 10. Therefore fear thou not, O my servant Jacob, saith the Lord, neither be dismayed, O Israel: for lo, I will save thee from afar, and thy seed from the land of their captivity, and Jacob shall return, and shall be in rest and quiet, and none shall make him afraid,

11. *For I am with thee, saith the Lord, to save thee: though I make a full end of all nations whither I have scattered thee, yet will I not*

I not make a full end of thee: but I will correct thee in measure, and will not leave thee altogether unpunished.

Again, Jeremiah xlvi, 28. *Fear thou not, O Jacob, my servant, saith the Lord, for I am with thee, for I will make a full end of all the nations whither I have driven thee, but I will not make a full end of thee, but correct thee in measure, yet will I not leave thee wholly unpunished;* in the margin of the bible now lying before me it is *not utterly cut thee off*, and probably it ought to be so translated.

A remnant was to return out of all countries whither God had driven them. Jeremiah xxiii, 3. *And I will gather the remnant of my flock, out of all countries whither I have driven them, and will bring them again to their folds, and they shall be fruitful and increase.*

Isaiah x, 20. *And it shall come to pass in that day, that the remnant of Israel, and such as are escaped of the house of Jacob, shall no*
more

more stay upon him that smote them : but shall stay upon the Lord, the holy One of Israel, in truth.

21. *The remnant shall return, even the remnant of Jacob, unto the mighty God.*

Isaiah xi, 12. And he shall set up an ensign for the nations, and shall assemble the outcasts of Israel, and gather together the dispersed of Judah from the four corners of the earth.

Exekiel vi, 8, after several judgments are denounced, Yet will I leave a remnant, that ye may have some that shall escape the sword among the nations, when ye shall be scattered through the countries.

I suppose it not necessary to cite any more of the prophecies of the Old Testament ; let us now examine some of the New.

In

In the xxivth chapter of Matthew, Jesus foretells the destruction of Jerusalem, when his disciples were desirous that their master should observe the magnificence and beauty of the temple.

Verse 2. *And Jesus said unto them, See ye not all these things? Verily I say unto you, there shall not be left here one stone upon another, that shall not be thrown down.*

See also Mark xiii, 1, and Luke xxi, 6, which are parallel places.

Again, Matthew xxiv, 3. *And as he sat upon the mount of Olives, the disciples came unto him privately, saying, Tell us, when shall these things be? And what shall be the sign of thy coming, and of the end of the world*?*

* It should have been translated "*the end of the age,*" *καὶ τῆς συντελείας τοῦ αἰῶνος*, the word *αἰών* signifying *ævum*, or *seculum*, as well as *mundus*: that this should be so translated, appears from the 34th verse of this chapter, *Verily I say unto you, this generation shall not pass, till all these things be fulfilled*; and I take it that

4. *And Jesus answered and said unto them, Take heed that no man deceive you.*

5. *For many shall come in my name, saying, I am Christ: and shall deceive many.*

6. *And ye shall hear of wars and rumours of wars: see that ye be not troubled: for all*

the destruction of Jerusalem was not forty years after the crucifixion of our saviour. I am assisted in this remark by the ingenious author of the "Harmony of the gospels," who, by *the end of the age to happen at his coming*, says, "the disciples could mean nothing but the end of the political oeconomy, or form of government by heathen governors, or procurators, which then subsisted, and they might look on their master's coming to destroy the age, or political constitution of the nation then subsisting, as a very agreeable event; and as to the demolition of the temple, they might expect a larger and more superb building in its stead, proportionable to the number of the Messiah's subjects.—Therefore, to shew them their mistake, Jesus told them he was not coming to raise the Jews to universal empire, as they supposed, but to punish them for their perfidy and rebellion, by destroying their nation,"

these

these things must come to pass, but the end is not yet.

The Jews were very fond of the notion of the Messiah being a temporal deliverer, and as the troubles of the nation were coming on, might think, that, if ever he was to appear, now was the time, and, therefore, in this and other places, the disciples are cautioned not to be led away by the pretences of false Christs, that might arise, or terrified at the prospects of these calamities, which must come to pass some time before the destruction of the nation, *but the end is not yet*; “but the end of the “age, or Jewish dispensation, will not happen immediately.”

Verse 14. *And this gospel of the kingdom shall be preached in all the world, for a witness unto all nations, and then shall the end come*; which is thus paraphrased by Mr. Macknight: “The persecutions raised against “Christians, and the tribulations befalling “the land, shall scatter my disciples, by
Q 2 “which

“ which means the gospel shall be preached
 “ through all the Roman empire ; and
 “ then shall come *the end of the age*, con-
 “ cerning which you are enquiring.”

By the *abomination of desolation* (in the
 15th verse, and in Mark xiii, 14, and Da-
 niel ix, 26 and 27) the Roman armies are
 supposed to be meant, with their ensigns
 and standards, whereon the images of their
 idols were painted ; which armies were
 an abomination to the Jews, on account of
 their idolatry.

21. For then shall be great tribulation, such
 as was not since the beginning of the world to
 this time, no, nor ever shall be.

27. For as the lightning cometh out of the
 east, and shineth even unto the west : so shall
 also the coming of the Son of man be.

28. For wheresoever the carcase is, there
 will the eagles be gathered together.

These

These two verses are thus paraphrased :
 “ The coming of the Son of man shall be,
 “ like lightning, swift and destructive, yet
 “ he will not come personally , his servants
 “ only shall come, the Roman armies, who,
 “ by his command, shall destroy this na-
 “ tion, as eagles devour their prey.” The
 expression is said to be proverbial, and
 beautifully applied, when it is remembered
 that the Romans bore in their standards an
 eagle.

29. *Immediately after the tribulation of those
 days, the sun shall be darkened, and the moon
 shall not give her light, and the stars shall fall
 from heaven, and the powers of the heavens
 shall be shaken.*

“ These (the above gentleman says) are
 “ high figurative expressions, signifying the
 “ decay of all the glory, excellency, and
 “ prosperity of the nation; the whole
 “ Jewish polity, government, laws, and
 “ religion, which were the work of heaven,
 “ shall be dissolved.” The destruction of
 Babylon

Babylon is foretold in similar terms, Isaiah xiii, 10. See the prophet Joel, iii, 15. He says likewise, that "Dr. Lightfoot has proved, from the Talmud, that the Jews used these phrases in describing the ruin of a single family." He quotes Maimonides, who gives the reason of this phraseology: "Isaiah, speaking of such as have been conquered, says, *their sun and moon have lost their light*; so also he says of conquerors, that *their sun and moon increase their light*. For experience proves, that the eyes of men in great misery grow dim, and do not see the light in its full splendor, the nerves being weakened for want of spirits: on the other hand, when by joy the soul is enlarged, and the animal spirits are conveyed in abundance to the organs of vision, the sun and light appear greater than before."

This puts me in mind of the xiiith chapter of Ecclesiastes, verse 1, where we are exhorted to *remember our creator in the days of our youth*, before the approach of old age,
while

while the evil days come not, nor the years draw nigh when thou shalt say, I have no pleasure in them.

2. *While the sun, or the light, or the moon, or the stars be not darkened*; after which follows a beautiful description of old age, as I understand it to be.

To go on; Matthew xxiv, 30. *And then shall appear the sign of the Son of man in heaven: and then shall all the tribes of the earth mourn, and they shall see the Son of man coming in the clouds of heaven, with power and great glory.*

To come in the clouds of heaven is said to signify God's interposing evidently to execute vengeance on a wicked generation. Psalm xcvi, 2, and Isaiah xix, 1. And the above verse is thus paraphrased: "They shall see the accomplishment of what Daniel foretold, by the figurative expression of the Son of man coming in the clouds of heaven, for they shall behold signal punishments

“ nishments executed on the Jewish nation,
 “ by the Roman armies, sent for that end
 “ by the Son of man.”

I confess there did appear to me some difficulties in this chapter, which perhaps may have led me out of the way, though, I think these difficulties have been in a great measure cleared up by the commentators ; but the 31st verse I cannot say I understand :
*And he shall send his angels with a great sound of a trumpet, and they shall gather together his elect from the four winds, from one end of heaven to the other **.

* Dr. Whitby says, “ Here the text, *then*, in Mark
 “ xiii, 27, so plainly shews that this relates to the
 “ same time mentioned in the foregoing verse, that
 “ no explication of these words, referring them to
 “ a long time after the destruction of Jerusalem,
 “ ought to be admitted as the true sense of them.”
 Dr. Lightfoot gives the sense of these words thus :
 “ When Jerusalem shall be reduced to ashes, and
 “ that wicked nation cut off, then shall the Son of
 “ man send his ministers (Christians) of several na-
 “ tions from the four corners of the heaven ; so that
 “ God

To go on; Luke xix, 41. *And when he was come near, he beheld the city, and wept over it.*

43. *For the days shall come upon thee, that thine enemies shall cast a trench about thee, and compass thee round, and keep thee in on every side,*

44. *And shall lay thee even with the ground; and thy children within thee; and they shall not leave in thee one stone upon another, &c.*

Luke xxi, 20. *And when ye shall see Jerusalem compassed with armies, then know that the desolation thereof is nigh. Matt. xxiv, 15.*

22. *For these be the days of vengeance, that all things which were written may be fulfilled.*

23. *But wo unto them that are with child, and to them that give suck in those days: for*

“ God shall not want a church, although that ancient nation be rejected and cast off, the churches of the Gentiles succeeding to her.”

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there

there shall be great distress in the land, and wrath upon this people.

24. *And they shall fall by the edge of the sword, and shall be led away captive into all nations : and Jerusalem shall be trodden down of the Gentiles, &c.*

These and other texts need no comment, and I shall not multiply them.

Now I will suppose that an impartial man hath considered these and several other texts to the same purpose, both in the Old and New Testament ; I will also suppose that he hath read the “History of Josephus,” of the terrible destruction of Jerusalem, and the calamities the Jews suffered in the siege, and hath likewise taken a view of their dispersion into all the countries of the known world, and of their present state and condition ; I would then ask, what judgment must such a man make of this whole matter ? Must he not think there

is

is something extraordinary in the history of this people? When he compares the prophecies with the subsequent facts, must he not acknowledge the predictions divine? When Jesus foretold the destruction of Jerusalem, it was, at that time, an event very improbable; for though the Jews were indeed subject to the Romans, yet it was before their revolt, when there was not the least appearance of what was to come to pass, and when the state was rather in a flourishing condition than otherwise; I think this is agreed on all hands; notwithstanding which, the destruction of Jerusalem happened, I say, within forty years after the predictions of our Saviour, attended with such terrible circumstances as never befell any state or people before. So that the prediction, that *there should be great tribulation, such as was not since the beginning of the world to this time*, looks as much like a history of past facts, as a prophecy of what was to come. This will appear, whether we consider the factions and seditions in the city during the siege, the heat and

animosity of the contending parties, their excessive cruelties to one another, or the terrible famine they endured. "Most miserable," says Josephus, "was the manner of living, and a spectacle which none without tears could behold. During the famine, no reverence was had for any man: wives took the meat out of their husbands mouths, children from their parents, and mothers from their infants, the saddest spectacle of all! No one had now any compassion, neither did they spare their dearest infants, but suffered them to perish in their arms, by taking from them the very drops of life. Yet they could not eat in such *secrecy*, but some or other of them still came to take away from them that whereupon they fed. Old men were driven away, and not permitted to keep or defend their food; women were drawn up and down by the hair of their heads for hiding their food; no pity remained either to old age or infancy. They took young babes, their mouths full of meat, and dashed them against
 " the

“ the ground. Horrible cruelties were devised to extort food from others; it was abominable to hear what the people endured to make them confess one loaf of bread, or one handful of corn, which they had hidden.

“ These miscreants [the heads of the parties or factions] did not yet, for all this, feel either hunger or thirst, for then their impieties had been more tolerable, but they did it only to exercise their cruelty, preparing six days food for themselves beforehand.” And, a little after, he says, “ I am not able to recount all their iniquities, but I think never any city endured the like; and that never any people, since the memory of man, were so cruel and barbarous.”

Book vi, chap. 11.

In another place he says, “ An innumerable multitude perished within the city through famine, for in every place where any shew or sign of food appeared, immediately

“mediately a battle ensued; and the dearest friends of all fought one with another, neither did they believe persons that were dying for famine, when they said they had nothing left to eat.” And in book the viith, chap. the 8th, he tells a shocking story of a lady of a noble family, who, for famine, killed her son, whom she dressed for meat. This lady was, in all probability, a *tender and delicate woman*, who, in the language of Moses, might scarce venture to set the sole of her foot upon the ground, and yet, through misery, famine, and despair, was induced to act this tragedy.

You will please to observe, that the testimony of Josephus, with regard to his history of the Jews, is unexceptionable. He was a prisoner in Titus’s camp during the siege, was a Jew himself, and an eye-witness of the ruin of his country. Josephus says, 1,100,000 persons perished in the “siege;” so that if this prophecy of *Jerusalem’s being trodden down of the Gentiles* (admitting the truth of such prophecy) was
not

not fulfilled, there never can be any completion of any prophecy.

As to their dispersion, it is said, Deuteronomy xxviii, 64, *The Lord shall scatter thee among all people, from the one end of the earth to the other*; which is the fact at this day. Mr. Addison says, “They swarm
“over all the East, and are settled in the
“remotest parts of China; they are spread
“through most of the nations of Europe
“and Africa, and many families of them
“are established in the West Indies.”

But though the Jews were to suffer these calamities, and to be scattered and dispersed in the manner foretold, yet they were not to be utterly destroyed; for though *God makes a full end of all nations, yet he will not make a full end of them.* Jeremiah xli, 28. Though GOD ALMIGHTY, in the course of his providence, suffers an end to be made of all nations, by revolutions, and that when any people is conquered and mixes with any other nation or nations,
they

they are melted down into one common mass, so that it is impossible to distinguish their genuine descendants, which has been the common fate of other nations, yet this shall not be the case of the Jews, who shall be preserved a people separate and distinct from all others in the world, though without king, without country, and without government, to enforce the observation of their law, which is their present situation, and hath been their case for about seventeen hundred years.

Mr. Addison, in the viiith volume of the Spectator, numb. 495, endeavours to enquire what natural or providential reasons may be assigned with regard to the number of the Jews, their dispersion, and adherence to their religion.

“ As to their dispersion (he says) it would
 “ probably have lost their religion, had it
 “ not been secured by the strength of its
 “ constitution: for they are to live all in a
 “ body, and generally within the same
 “ inclosure,

“ inclosure, to marry among themselves,
 “ and to eat no meats that are not killed
 “ and prepared their own way. This shuts
 “ them out from all table-conversation, and
 “ the most agreeable intercourses of life;
 “ and, by consequence, excludes them from
 “ the most probable means of conversion.

“ As to the providential reasons that may
 “ be assigned for these three particulars, we
 “ shall find that their numbers, dispersion,
 “ and adherence to their religion have fur-
 “ nished every age and every nation of the
 “ world with the strongest arguments for
 “ the Christian faith, not only as these very
 “ particulars are foretold of them, but as
 “ they themselves are the depositaries of
 “ these and all the other prophecies, which
 “ tend to their own confusion. Their num-
 “ ber furnishes us with a sufficient cloud of
 “ witnesses, that attest the truth of the Old
 “ Bible; their dispersion spreads these wit-
 “ nesses through all parts of the world, and
 “ their adherence to their religion makes

“ their testimony unquestionable.” Thus far Mr. Addifon.

Upon the whole, I think it must be owned, that the number and dispersion of the Jews, their adherence to their religion, and their being kept separate and distinct from all other nations, are particulars in the character of these people so surprising, that the like cannot be affirmed of any other people in the world.

But here I am very sensible that it is necessary for me to obviate an objection that may be made, with regard to their being a people kept separate and distinct from all other nations, for that if this particular can be accounted for in a natural way, there is nothing extraordinary in it, and that it may be said, that there can be no great wonder that these people should be kept separate and distinct from the rest of the world, if they were forbid to intermarry with other nations, and that this of itself will account for their being kept and preserved a people

ple separate and distinct from the rest of the world.

In answer to this objection it is alledged, that this command not to intermarry with other nations was only a temporary command, and regarded the Jews chiefly when they expelled the Canaanites, and took possession of the land of Canaan, and at their first settling there, as a means of preserving them against idolatry, and by the viith chapter of Deuteronomy, it rather appears to be so : but, I confess, this is not quite satisfactory to me, because it does not appear so clear to me that it is a temporary command, and it is pretty evident to me that the Jews did not understand it to be so, nor do they understand it to be so now, because they at this time, I suppose, in general, observe and act in obedience to this command, and there is no reason, that I know of, to suppose that we understand their laws better than they themselves do.

However, to this objection I answer, that if we consider the history of the Jews from

our Saviour's time, the unparalleled persecutions, massacres, and cruelties they have met with, the universal contempt they lie under, their being incapable to hold either lands or offices in any nation or country, so that the prophecy of Moses, that *they should become an astonishment, a proverb, and a by-word*, seems literally to be fulfilled; I say, if we consider that they now are and have been vagabonds and wanderers for above seventeen hundred years, without king, without country, without government, and that, notwithstanding these disadvantages, they should still remain scattered and dispersed through all nations, yet preserved separate and distinct from, and neither mixed nor incorporated with, other nations, it is very certain there is no other instance of any such people or nation in the world.

Could human nature subsist for such a length of time under such disadvantages and inconveniences, if there was nothing providential in this matter?

The

The Jewish law abounds with burdensome ceremonies, for the institution of some of which it may be a difficult matter to assign a reason, unless they are considered as peculiarities adapted to a peculiar people: is not their strict adherence to their law for such a length of time very extraordinary, when the consequence of such their adherence subjects them to so many inconveniences, and especially when there is no government to enforce it?

In all revolutions and political changes, do we not see that the conquerors and conquered generally unite and become one people? Is not this the common fate of all nations? Is not this the experience of the world? Is this the case of the Jews? If not, is there not something extraordinary in their case?

Our own nation is a mixture of the old inhabitants, of the Saxons, Danes, and Normans, each of which denominations is now entirely ceased, and we are united into
one

one body called the English, a flourishing people, and I hope will long continue so.

You may remember, that, eight or ten years ago, there was a scheme set on foot for a general naturalisation-bill, viz. for naturalising all foreigners that might come and settle here, and even the Jews were to be included : I did then think, and do now think, that the government was right in countenancing such a scheme, as a means of enriching us, and making us a more numerous, powerful, and flourishing people; but this scheme met with opposition; and especially the Jews being included in it, created a good deal of ferment and uneasiness amongst our own people, which the government observing, and seeing the bent and inclination of the people to be against it, the scheme was dropped, for fear of inconveniences, I suppose, that might arise if such a scheme had been carried into execution. I would not have you think I make a miracle of every thing, but I could not help mentioning this incident, that happened in our own
time,

time, and remarking how truly they are, as well as have long been, *an astonishment, a proverb, and a by-word*, as Moses long since foretold they would be.

The adherence of the Jews to their law so long, and under such disadvantages, is so wonderful and extraordinary, that the prohibition not to mix or intermarry with other nations, supposing it not a temporary command, will not account in a natural way, for their being kept separate and distinct from the rest of the world, because there is no such instance in the world besides, nor any thing analogous to it in the common course of things; this is still the more surprising, when it is considered that this very people, in Moses's time, and many ages after, were continually running into idolatry.

It was an observation of Cicero, that
 "Sparta was the only city in the world that
 "preserved her discipline and laws for se-
 "ven hundred years unaltered and invio-
 late.

"late. *Qui soli (Lacedæmonii, he means)*
"toto orbe terrarum septingentos jam annos
"amplius unis moribus, & nunquam mutatis
"legibus, vivunt." See his oration *pro*
Flacco, numb. 63. The institutions and
 policy of Lycurgus, the Spartan legislator,
 have been much admired, and yet the du-
 ration of Lycurgus's laws hath been thought
 wonderful; but this bears no proportion
 to the duration of the laws of Moses, who
 is supposed to have lived three thousand
 years ago. The dispersion of the Jews hath
 continued seventeen hundred years, and
 this command not to intermarry with other
 nations, is an institution, in its own nature,
 I should think, as little likely to be com-
 plied with as any that can be imagined;
 and yet, notwithstanding the disadvanta-
 ges of it, they have, I believe, in general
 acted in obedience to it; these disadvanta-
 ges could not be so great before their dis-
 persion, when they were all united into one
 body (and a policy and government sub-
 sisted amongst them) yet they still remain
 a people, though vagabonds and wanderers,
 without

without a king or government, without a country or home. Is there not something extraordinary in this people? Are they not *an astonishment, a sign, and a wonder?* And is not their present situation a kind of standing miracle?

Upon the whole, I would leave it to your consideration, whether the prophecies relating to the destruction of Jerusalem, the evils and calamities the Jews have suffered, their dispersion throughout all nations, as well as their present state and condition (of their being kept separate and distinct from the rest of the world) do not seem to be accomplished, and whether there is not some reason to expect that the remaining prophecy will in due time be fulfilled likewise, I mean that of their returning to their own land, to the land their fathers possessed;

I would also leave it to your determination, whether, supposing the prophecies and their completions out of the case, the pre-

sent state of the Jews is not a strange and unnatural phenomenon, and, according to the nature and common course of things, wholly and absolutely unaccountable.

I must beg you would read the above as it is, a hasty composition, a rude attempt, a rough draught, or essay, upon a subject a little out of the way; begun at the request of a friend, who, I hope, will read it with a friendly eye.

I am, Sir, your most obedient servant,
JOSEPH WARD.

LETTER

L E T T E R CLXXI.

Rev. Mr. SPENCE * to the Rev. Mr. JAMES
RIDLEY †,

After the publication of the first four numbers of the "Tales of the Genii."

June, 1764.

W H Y flutterest thou so, O my heart?
And why art thou at the same time so delighted and so distressed?

* Prebendary of Durham, &c. See vol. ii, letter xc, p. 12. The scene of the holy Godric's miracles and austerities, who, from an itinerant merchant, turned hermit, and wore out three suits of iron cloaths, was latterly Mr. Spence's retreat, being part of his prebendal estate.

See "Anecdotes of British topography," p. 150, and Pennant's "Tour in Scotland," p. 28.

† This pathetic and elegant moralist, eldest son of the Rev. Dr. Ridley, prebendary of Salisbury, (a name now doubly endeared to Englishmen and Protestants,) died in February, 1765, a few days after the publication of the last number of his Genii. So generous a heart, such an intimate knowledge of the

The rays of thy brightness, O Horam, the son of Asmar, have penetrated my most retired recesses, and thy doctrines have descended upon me, like the dews of the morning, clad in all the colours that the sun can give.

How shall I express the joys that have devoured me? Or how shall I sufficiently return my thanks to the most moral and the most illuminated of the sons of men?

The poor "Dervise of the Groves" has nothing to return but prayers; and his prayers shall be lifted up for thee in the evening, and in the morning, and at noon-day.

powers and workings of nature, so serious and earnest a desire to serve God and mankind, with a cheerful spirit and address in conveying his instructions, make his loss as great to the public as it was to his family and friends. A humorous paper, called the "Schemer," first published in the London Chronicle, and since collected into a volume, was also written by him.

May't

May'st thou continue to leap over the boundaries of nature like a roe ! and rise into the highest regions of splendor, as the eagle that delighteth in soaring toward the sun !

May thy instructions sink into the heart of mortals ! and render them, in due time, as great and good as the immortal Genii with whom thou dost so intimately converse !

These are the prayers of Phesoj Ecneps*, the "Dervise of the Groves," for the most moral and most illuminated of the sons of men.

* Mr. Spence's name backward. See tale the ninth, entitled "Merglip the Persian, or Phesoj Ecneps, the Dervise of the Groves," (vol. ii, p. 257) in which the author has taken occasion to commemorate, in like manner, many other friends.

* LETTER

* LETTER CLXXII.

Mr. HIRST to Mr. J. DUNCOMBE.

DEAR SIR,

Calcutta, Sept. 29, 1764.

I MUST not solicit the continuance of your favours, for, be it known, my friend, I leave this Indian world the beginning of December, embarking with my excellent and generous friend governor Vanfittart.

Your papers have, by this time, been full of the history of our Indian troubles, and of the very horrid massacre * consequent on a faction among the council of this settlement, several of whom have fallen a sacrifice to their own imprudent schemes. Your old friend Horace says,

Quicquid delirant reges plectuntur Achiivi,

* At Patna, by Cossim Allee Cawn, Oct. 6, 1763. On that melancholy occasion, Mr. Hirst preached a funeral sermon at Calcutta.

but

but here the very *reges* themselves, or ruling powers, are involved in the ruin occasioned by their own infatuation. The arguments for and against the conduct of Mr. Vanfittart are various. You will soon discover on which side the truth lies. Sure I am, that, to every impartial and disinterested judge, the matter will be self-evident, and, depend upon it, the more these circumstances are canvassed, the more it will redound to the honour and sagacity of our good governor. I think I may venture to say, that *Mene Mene Tekel Upbarfin* will never be pronounced against him, not even *in foro conscientiae*. . . .

I thank your very ingenious lady for her drawing. It happens, I am at this time employed in taking views of Calcutta, &c. so your letter is a kind of prognostication.

Your's, &c.

W. H I R S T.

LETTER

LETTER CLXXIII.

Mr. DUNCOMBE to the Rev. Dr. SHARP *.

DEAR SIR, Margaret-street, Cavendish-square,
March 5, 1765.

HAVE you any good reason for supposing Dr. Goldsmith to be the author of the "Companion to the Playhouse †?" There are many things in it which are worth knowing, but there are also many mistakes, several of which I could easily correct.

He gives this account of "Lucius Junius Brutus," in vol. i. "A tragedy by Mr. Duncombe, 8vo. 1735. This tragedy was 'not acted,' and is 'only' a translation of the Brutus of Voltaire."

* See vol. ii, p. 248, note *.

† David Erskine Baker, esq; (since dead) was said to be the author of it.

As

As it may serve to amuse, I will give you the history of it.

The author being intimately acquainted with Mr. Mills, senior, shewed this play to him in the year 1732. He told Mr. D. if he would give him leave, he would introduce it to the managers, Booth, Cibber, and Wilks. He did so. They all approved it, and promised it should be acted. When it was read to Booth, he swore that the scene between Brutus and Titus, in the 7th act, was as pathetic as any thing he had ever heard, and regretted his not being able to perform in it. He took the play out of Mr. D's hands, and repeated that whole scene himself in his delightful manner, superior to any thing we have had since that time *. He died in May, 1733 †. Gen-

* "His voice," says Mr. Victor, "was completely harmonious, from the softness of the flute, to the extent of the trumpet."

† Mr. Booth had been confined by an unconquerable disease from the year 1728.

teel and good-natured Wilks * read it at Mr. D's house in Frith-street the same winter. He shed tears at the above-mentioned scene. He undertook the part of Titus, and promised it should certainly come on the next season. He was also to have spoken the prologue. His part was actually delivered out to him to get it in the summer. But he too was mowed down by death before that season came.

When the author appeared before the formidable poet-laureat, Colley Cibber, he treated him just as a pedant would a scholar of the lower class. *Cibber*. "I think, Sir, "the subject of your play is Junius Brutus." The author assented with a nod. *Cibber*. "Then, Sir, you are to observe, "that, if you hope to have your play succeed, the character of Brutus must be "drawn"—Then he went on in a long harangue, which seemed to be studied.

* See vol. i, p. 248, note *.

Mr. D. once presumed to interrupt him, saying, "Mr. Cibber, if you will have "a little patience, perhaps you will find "that the character of Brutus is drawn in "the manner you prescribe." *Cibber.* "Give me leave, Sir"—and so went on to the end of his document ; then took three or four pinches of snuff, with an air of importance ; flounced into his elbow-chair, and folded his arms. "Now, Sir, you "may proceed." Mr. D. did proceed accordingly. The dictator often interrupted him with remarks. Most of them appeared superficial and trifling. Some were undoubtedly just. Of these the author availed himself.

The conclusion was, that Cibber agreed with his brother-managers that the play should be received, and promised that it should come on the next season. So much for the triumvirate, and the ordeal test which dramatic Tyros were then obliged to undergo.

In the year 1733, theatrical affairs were in the utmost confusion. Mr. Highmore, a gentleman of fortune, had purchased the patent *. Hereupon old Mills and the chief actors deserted him, and set up for themselves at the little theatre in the Haymarket. In such a state of tumult and confusion, it was not thought adviseable to hazard Brutus on the stage.

In 1734 the revolting players returned to their colours, and enlisted under Mr.

* Mr. Booth, about a year before his death, sold one half of his third share of the patent to the late John Highmore, esq, a gentleman possessed of an estate of 800l. a year, for the large sum of 2500l.—In less than twelve months, Mr. Highmore purchased also Mr. Cibber's whole third share for 3000 guineas.—Soon after followed Booth's death, and his widow sold her remaining sixth share to Mr. Giffard, who was then master of the new theatre in Goodman's-fields, for 1500l. This was at the commencement of the season 1733. Mr. Ellis, the painter, acted as deputy for the widow Wilks.

Victor's "History of the Theatres," vol. i.

Fleet-

Fleetwood* at Drury-lane. There was somewhat singular in the character of that gentleman. His address was very genteel ; he had a smooth oily tongue, and the utmost plausibility, but not a grain of truth and sincerity. What Milton says of Belial was truly applicable to this theatrical potentate :

—All was false and hollow, though his tongue
Dropt manna †.

* Mr. Highmore, being deserted by the best players, spirited up to a revolt by Mr. Theophilus Cibber, and almost ruined by playing to thin losing audiences, and carrying on an ineffectual prosecution against the seceders in the Haymarket, on the vagrant act, sold the whole patent, for very little more than he had given for half of it, to another enterprising gentleman, Charles Fleetwood, esq.—The regaining the revolvers, and bringing them back to their duty, was his first object, and he met with very little difficulty in accomplishing it. *Ibid.*

† “ I had the honour,” says Mr. Victor, “ to be
“ acquainted with Mr. Fleetwood, when he arrived
“ at the age of twenty-one, and entered into a landed
“ estate of 6000l. a year. He was agreeable in his
“ person ; and the qualities of his mind, and amia-
“ bleness

Mr. D. having been so often disappointed, unadvisedly consented to Mr. Fleetwood's proposal of bringing Brutus on the stage about the middle of November. The town was then empty, the parliament not sitting, and Farinelli had just appeared at the theatre in the Haymarket. The public entertained but a mean opinion of the talents of the players; and every body crowded to hear Farinelli. In short, the quavering Italian eunuch proved too powerful for the rigid Roman consul. But, notwithstanding all these disadvantages, it was acted six nights with applause; not indeed always to crowded houses; but on the author's two benefit-nights the house was quite full. There was scarce a dry eye in the boxes during the last scene between Brutus and Titus. If the author of

“ bleness of his disposition, carried with them irresistible attractions. . . . He was affable and engaging in his address, and that address enabled him to deceive even persons that thought themselves armed against him. Duplicity was his prevailing characteristic.”

the

the "Playhouse Dictionary" had read the play, he would have seen not only that it was "acted," but also the names of the "actors." Notwithstanding the prevailing prejudice against them, it was allowed, by the best judges, that the parts were properly cast, and that it was extremely well performed;

Brutus by Mr. Mills, senior *.

Titus, - - Mr. Milward †.

Lucia, - - Mrs. Heron ‡.

Hortensia, Mrs. Pritchard §.

* Mr. Mills, the elder, was the only tragic hero in that company, who could venture to appear in the characters of the late Mr. Booth. . . . In his strength and vigour he might truly be called the "theatrical porter," for the burden of the business lay entirely on him. Thus he was apparently very useful, and in all characters, decent. His person was manly, approaching to the graceful, and his voice a full deep melodious tenor, which suited the characters of rage. On his death, Quin, assisted by Milward, succeeded him in all the capital parts of tragedy, in Drury-lane theatre.

"History of the Theatres," vol. i.

† Milward

But it was impossible for her to shine in such an inferior part. The above-men-

† Milward had some requisites to make a good actor. He had a voice clear, full, and melodious.

Ibid.

‡ Mrs. Heron, at the death of Mrs. Oldfield, was singled out by Mr. Cibber to support his favourite characters of lady Betty Modish and lady Townly. On that account, he took extraordinary pains, which was of singular happiness to her; because, with that advantage, she made but a decent actress. She was naturally well formed, with an easy, elegant air and mien; and, though her voice was bad, she had a sensible pronunciation. *Ibid.*

§ The merit of this excellent actress, both in tragedy and comedy, and also in the great drama of life, is too well known to the present age to need being mentioned here. And posterity also will know and esteem her in her real, as well as her assumed, character, from the just and elegant tribute which her friends and the laureat have paid to her memory in Westminster-abbey, near that great bard, of whom she, as Rosalind, Beatrice, and Hamlet's mother, was one of the best expositors. She retired from the stage in April, 1768, and died at Bath in August following, aged 57.

tioned

tioned author says, "It was 'only' a translation from Voltaire." On the contrary, there is scarce a scene without variations from Voltaire. Tullia (or Lucia) dies at the end of the ivth act in Voltaire. In the English play, there is, in the vth act, a pathetic scene between her and Titus, entirely new. The author proceeds, "This play was printed in octavo, 1735." Here is truth, but not the whole truth. A second edition, with improvements, was published in 1747. To this edition is prefixed Voltaire's "Essay on tragedy," then first translated. Both these editions are out of print.

This play was read in manuscript, and much approved, by the author's particular friends, old Tom Southerne, and Mr. Hawkins Browne, each of which gentlemen honoured him with corrections and remarks.

Mr. Browne suggested an alteration, by which the play was greatly improved, viz.

the placing the scene between Titus and Lucia before that between Brutus and Titus, as it now stands. *Dixi.*

Yours, &c.

W. DUNCOMBE.

* L E T T E R CLXXIV.

Mr. HIRST to Mr. J. DUNCOMBE.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

Inner Temple,
June 26, 1769.

THE public papers must have informed you of the intended return of Mr. Vansittart to the East Indies. The great connections I have had with and the many obligations I am under to him, will not make it any matter of surprise, when I acquaint you, that I shall accompany him to that part of the world.

The

The commissioners are Mr. Vansittart, Mr. Scrafton*, and colonel Forde†. As far as I can understand, they go out upon the general plan of pacification and reduction of the company's military expences; and are invested with the fullest powers to effectuate every thing they shall think proper for the good of the company; particularly to inspect into the collection of the

* Luke Scrafton, esq; was author of "Reflections on the government, &c. of Indostan: with a short sketch of the history of Bengal, from the year 1739 to 1756; and an account of the English affairs to 1758." Published (in 8vo.) at Edinburgh in 1761, and at London in 1763.

† Colonel Francis Forde distinguished himself in the last war by taking Massulipatam by storm, April 8, 1758, by defeating the French army in Golconda, commanded by the marquis de Conflans, December 7, 1758, and, lastly, by defeating also the Dutch forces in Bengal, November 25, 1759. In consequence of this victory, a treaty was concluded between the English and the director and council at Chincura, to the advantage of the former.

See "Dobson's annals of the war," p. 111.

revenues, in which, it is suspected, there are very great abuses.

Mr. Vansittart is first named in the commission; but I do not learn that either his appointment or power will be greater than those of the other two. I am appointed chaplain to the commission. The company is to find a table, and bear all expences; so you may believe, I shall not starve during this expedition.

I could wish any other person rather than Mr. Scrafton was appointed second commissioner *. Mr. Vansittart feels nothing

* Several aspersions having been cast on the conduct of Mr. Vansittart, as president of the council at Calcutta, his friends in England thought it necessary to publish, in 1765, some "Original papers relative to the disturbances in Bengal: containing every material transaction from 1759 to 1764." These, connected together by a "narrative," were reprinted in 1766, by Mr. V. himself, in three volumes 8vo. with some additions. "Observations on this narrative" were published in 1767 by Mr. Scrafton, (then one of the East India directors,) in which, as the

on this account, but all his friends feel greatly for him. His own good heart and gentle disposition make him easy in these trying circumstances. I hope there is no reason for any apprehensions, as they seem, both, perfectly reconciled, and are studious themselves to promote a private, as they are commissioned to enforce a public, pa-

the Monthly Reviewers express it, that gentleman, " who was himself an actor of some consequence in " those turbulent scenes, being zealously attached to " lord Clive, the hero of the grand oriental drama, " charged both Mr. Holwell and Mr. Vansittart " (lord Clive's successors) with having embroiled the " company's affairs, by departing from his lordship's " wise plan, principles, and conduct." A periodical paper, entitled " The East India observer," was also considered by Mr. V. as the work of Mr. S. which, however, Mr. S. denied. These attacks occasioned the publication of " A letter to the proprietors of East India stock" by Mr. Vansittart, in which, with irrefragable strength of argument, and exemplary command of temper, he convicted Mr. S. of many self-contradictions, from his own " Sketch " of the history of Bengal" above-mentioned, and answered every article alleged against him both by the Director and the " observer," to the satisfaction of every impartial reader.

cification.

cification. We have one reason to expect perfect unanimity, and that is from the fears we must all have of breaking the peace, which must be the surest means of preserving it.

I thought to have spent the remainder of my days in Old England, "under my own vine and under my own fig-tree," but *Diis aliter visum est*, and I must submit. Adieu therefore all thoughts of domestic life! Adieu the *domus et placens uxor*! Like Noah's dove, I must a second time wander over the face of the great deep, for I must not yet be allowed "rest for the sole of my foot."

His majesty's ship the Aurora frigate is appointed to carry us to India, and it is thought we shall be ready to sail in three weeks time*. God bless you, my dear

* They sailed (alas!) September 30. A Latin ode on this occasion, entitled *Ad amicum navigaturum*, was addressed to Mr. Hirst by the late Dr. Kirkpatrick, father of major Kirkpatrick, who distinguished himself at the battle of Plassey, &c. See it in the "appendix."

friend!

friend! I shall ever think of your many civilities with great gratitude, and hope for the continuance of your charitable correspondence during the time of this my second eastern emigration, being

Most affectionately yours,

W. HIRST.

* LETTER CLXXV.

Mr. HIRST to Mr. FAZAKERLEY.

DEAR FAZ,

December 19, 1769.

I WRITE this from the Dutch town at the Cape of Good Hope. My last gave you an account of our arrival at and departure from Madeira, and this acquaints you that we arrived here the 6th instant, from whence, it is imagined, we shall sail the day after to-morrow. I have made many little excursions during my residence here, but not far enough in the country to give you much account of it: and there is little worth

worth conveying to you from hence, unless I could have sent you some authentic anecdotes of the Aborigines of the country, I mean the Hottentots; and they are all shrunk into the inland parts, at least two or three hundred miles from the Cape. We have seen but three of them (all men) since our arrival here; nor do I recollect that I saw more when I was here before.

As we are in south latitude, the weather is at this time exceeding sultry, so that we are obliged to keep under cover great part of the day, the thermometer being now at 83 degrees; a heat much beyond what you generally have in England in summer*.

* May 16, 1770. Dr. Bevis says, the usual height of the thermometer in England in hot weather is from 70 to 72; but his has been in very hot weather at 86. E. F.

In the hottest weather of last summer [1772] the thermometer in the open air was at 85, while that in my cellar was at 55; and it stands nearly at the same degree in the middle of winter. I suppose 48 to be nearly the mean degree of the heat and cold of the whole

Yesterday and the day before I made one of a party with Mr. Vanfittart to Bay Falso*, about twenty English miles from the Cape. We rode partly on horseback, and partly in a coach, having two of the governor's coaches and six to attend us. Indeed I cannot say too much of the very hospitable reception we met with here, owing to the great respect which the Dutch governor and his council shew to Mr. Vanfittart. You may be sure, this circumstance gives me no small pleasure, as it is a proof of the great

whole year, from the pole to the equator ; and that this is the temperature of the earth's body, in the middle latitudes at all seasons, to a certain depth. That where the temperature of the earth's body is more or less than this, the sun and the superior air have no share in it, but it must be imputed to subterraneous causes, such as mineral effervescences and aqueous exhalations. The subterraneous temperature is a curious subject, which hath not been much attended to. W. J.

* This bay, which is ten leagues in circumference, lies between Cape Falso and Cape das Aiguilhas, to the south-east of the Cape of Good Hope, at the most southern extremity of Africa.

name and character he has in India, that even strangers are not unacquainted with it. It has been reported that Cape Falso* is a much more proper situation for a colony than the place which the Dutch have chosen here; but this is not fact, as the hills, or rather mountains, descend almost to the sea-side, and are so steep and craggy as not to admit of cultivation. The company have lately built some storehouses there for the service of the shipping in the winter-time, when the winds blow so hard in Table-bay, that they cannot with safety ride here.

It is with some satisfaction I recognise the view of the Table-land and its environs, and am pleased to find the resemblance of my view of it in 1765 much more strong than I thought. If I had more time, and less indolence, I might perhaps make it less unworthy the acceptance of my friends.

* The Portuguese once took this cape for the Cape das Aiguillhas, which lies over against it, and having found their mistake, they called this *Cabo Falso*, or the False Cape. *Bowen.*

The

The comet which we saw in England approaching to the sun, we saw returning from it. I took two observations of its situation in the heavens with respect to the neighbouring fixed stars, and wrote on the occasion a sheet-full, which I intended to have sent to my friend Maskelyne* at

* Astronomer-royal. In addition to the account which this gentleman gave (in the "Transactions") of Mr. Hirst's observation of the second transit of Venus, as mentioned in note †, p. 85, Mr. Hirst inserted, at his desire, in vol. lix, p. 228, "An account of several " phenomena observed during the ingress of Venus " into the solar disc;" by which it appears, that, in this transit, the first external contact was preceded by an undulation of the edge of the sun, as, in the former, by a kind of penumbra, both perhaps occasioned by the atmosphere of Venus; and, in both transits, at the internal contacts, he observed the same phenomenon of an oblongation of the orb of Venus. He also took this opportunity to complain of the mutilated manner in which his account of the transit in India was inserted in vol. lii of the "Transactions," p. 396, (not vol. lvi, as printed by mistake in the former note) in particular, of the omitting his observations of the equal altitudes and meridional transits for regulating his time-keeper, and his reasons for concluding that Venus had no satellite, as had been suspected by M.

Greenwich: but this, as well as many other papers, I have either lost or mislaid at sea; and it often happens, as the earl of Dorset says *, that

“ Our paper, pens, and ink, and we
“ Are tumbled up and down at sea.”

We continue to be very harmonious, and consequently very happy, on board the

Cassini and the late Mr. Short.” If these had been inserted, M. Pingré would have had no occasion to lament, that “ Mr. Hirst did not acquaint the world in what “ manner he observed the equal altitudes, &c.” nor would there have been any occasion to alter his numbers respecting the periods of the transit. “ Observations (as he justly remarks) ought not to be rejected or “ stifled because they do not entirely suit an adopted “ system, or favourite parallaxic angle.” Mr. Short at that time methodised and digested the astronomical papers in the “ Transactions.” Governor Vansittart was Mr. Hirst’s assistant at Greenwich, as governor Pigot had been at Madras.

* In his celebrated ballad, the happiest of his poetical productions,

“ To all you ladies now at land,
“ We men at sea indite, &c.”

composed the night before the engagement with the Dutch in 1665.

Aurora.

Aurora. I know, this will give great pleasure to all Mr. Van's real friends, and be the occasion of great chagrin and disappointment to all who expected the commission would be overset by the dissension of the commissioners. God bless you, my dear friend!—

Yours ever,

W. HIRST.

L E T T E R CLXXVI.

Rev. Dr. JOHNSON* to the Rev. Dr.
BERKELEY†.

REV. AND MOST DEAR SIR, Stratford in Connecticut,
Nov. 1, 1771.

I AM most intensely thankful to our good God, that he hath so graciously preserved

* Missionary at Stratford, and president of the college at New York. He published (at Philadelphia) in 1752, “Elementa Philosophica, containing chiefly
“ Noetica, or things relating to the mind and understanding : and Ethica, or things relating to the
“ moral

my dear son* to me and his family, and us to him, through his long absence, and many dangers, and at last restored him to us, and given us to rejoice together in all the great goodness of his providence towards him and us ! And now I return my most cordial thanks for the

“ moral behaviour.” He died, far advanced in years, January 6, 1772. He had often wished, and repeated it the morning of his departure, that he might in his death resemble bishop Berkeley, whom of all mankind he had most revered and loved, and whose virtues he had endeavoured to imitate in his life ; and Heaven heard his prayer, for, like him, he expired sitting in his chair, without a struggle or a groan. The society “ for the propagation of the Gospel in “ foreign parts,” in the last “ abstract of their proceedings,” take an opportunity of expressing “ their sense of the distinguished merit and long services “ of that very worthy and respectable missionary,” and of declaring, that “ they consider his death as a “ public loss to the society, and to the American “ church.”

† Son of bishop Berkeley, and prebendary of Canterbury, &c.

* William Samuel Johnson, L. L. D. four years agent in England for the colony of Connecticut.

great

great kindness and affection wherewith you have treated him in his absence from us. May my God abundantly reward all your goodness and beneficence!

I am much grieved for the miscarriage of your kind answer to my last letter, wherein you opened your mind with so much freedom; and I could wish you yet to give a short recapitulation of it.—I am yet unwilling to give up all hopes of seeing you in America; at least of your being our first bishop; for then I could trust that we should set out upon the foot of true genuine primitive Christianity. And if you be not yourself the man, I beg of you, throughout your whole life, strongly to interest yourself in our affairs, and, as far as possible, that we may have one or more bishops, and that they may be true primitive Christians; otherwise, if they are only men of this world, we are indeed better without them.

I rejoice and bless God, that there is such a man in these abandoned times as Bp. North*,

* Of Litchfield and Coventry, second son to the earl of Guilford.

and

and he so young a man too, and of a noble family too! Such a one is a Phoenix indeed! —I desire you (if you think fit) to give my dutiful compliments to him, and to let him know, that (as I am the oldest clergyman of the church in America) I humbly beg he would pity our deplorable condition here, in being obliged to go a thousand leagues for every ordination, and use all the influence in his power, without ceasing, 'till we are provided with a bishop to ordain and govern the clergy here.

I earnestly pray God to bless you, my dear Sir, and that most worthy lady, your mother, with your lady and dear offspring, with all the blessings of this life, and that we may at length be happy together in a better world, with your great and good father, whose precious memory I bless as my preceptor!

I am, dear Sir, with great regard,
Your most affectionate friend and brother,
SA. JOHNSON.

ADDITIONAL

ADDITIONAL LETTERS.

* LETTER CLXXVII.

Rev. Dr. BENTLEY * to the Rev. Mr.
DAVIES †.

Trinity-college,
DEAR SIR, Saturday evening, [1710.]

AFTER you left me this morning, I
borrowed of Dr. Sike, Mr. Barnes's new

* Master of Trinity-college, Cambridge, arch-
deacon of Ely, &c. This letter to his brother-
critic seems truly characteristic of that great man
and his little temper. "Joshua Barnes," he used
to say, "understood as much Greek as a Greek
"cobler."

† A learned critic, well known by his editions of
Cicero's philosophical works, Lactantius, Minucius,
&c. He was at this time fellow of Queen's college,
Cambridge, of which he was afterwards master, pre-
bendary of Ely, and D. L. and D. He died in
1731.

edition of Homer, where, I was told, I should find myself abused. I read over his dedications and prefaces, and there I found very opprobrious words against enemies in general, and one *homo inimicus* in particular; which I cannot apply to myself, not being concerned in the accusation. But if Mr. Barnes has or does declare in company, that he means me by those expressions, I assure him I shall not put up such an affront; and an injury too, since I was one of his first subscribers, and an useful director to him, if he had followed good advice. He struts and swaggers like a Suffenus *, and challenges that same enemy to come *apertè*, and shew him any fault. If he mean me, I have but dipped yet into his notes, and yet I find every where just occasion of censure.

Iliad. ε. ver. 101. Ἀλλὰ ἀποπτανέουσιν, ἐρωήσουσι δὲ χεῖρας.

* A silly poet, who censured the performances of others as much as he admired his own. See Catullus, i, 20, &c.

Thus

Thus all editions have it; but in this we have it in the very text,

Ἄντάρ ἀποπταίνουσιν, ἐρωήσῃσι δὲ χάρις,

and this noble note added: “Ἄντάρ, *Id* “*omnino pro ἀλλὰ, ut olim;*” so we have ἀντάρ clapt in, *pro imperio*, only to avoid the *hiatus* of two vowels, ἀλλὰ α—Now for this interpolation alone his book deserves to be burnt. Let’s examine into the passage a little; what is ἀποπταίνουσιν? He translates it *respicient*; but says not one word to explain it. His friend Eustathius, to whom he owes the better half of his notes, knows not what to make on’t; whether it be ἀπ-ὀπταίνουσιν from ὀπταίνω ὥστω, i. e. ἀπε-βλέψουσιν; or ἀπο-πταίνουσιν from πτω πταίνω, φοβέμαι, i. e. πτήξουσιν, or from πέτω πταίνω, i. e. πτασθήσονται. But who ever heard either of ὀπταίνω or πταίνω? Where does our professor find either of them? He’s wholly mute upon this word, which is ἀπαξ λεγόμενον; and yet the wretch would venture blindfold to put in ἀντάρ. But the true reading is thus:

ἄλλ' ἀποπατάνισιν, ἰσῆσαι δὲ χάρις.

ἀποπατάνω, fut. παπταίνω, *Ionie* παπταίνω: παπταίνω comes forty times in Homer; and if he had been, as he thinks himself, *Maeonides sextus pavone ex Pythagoreo*, he might have found out the emendation, which is clear *per se*; but I'll prove it so by authority: "*Etymol.*

"*ἢ Ἀποπταμίνος*) πετῶ, πετάνω, καὶ παπταίνω, παπταίνω, παπταίνω, καὶ μετὰ τῆς προόδου ἀπὸ, ἀποπταίνω;"

so it is printed indeed, but it is evident he writ it ἀποπατάνω, and had respect to this place, as Sylburgius well observes. Again, Hesychius, in the right series between ἀποπαρ and ἀποπαρ, has it thus; Ἀποπατάνω, περιβλέπων ὅπως φύγῃ. Correct, Ἀποπατάνω, περιβλέπων; he means this very passage, as appears by the Scholiast, "Ἀποπατάνω, ἥτοι ἐς τὰς αὐτὰς ἀποπταίνω, ἢ ἀλλάχοι ὁ εἰς, φεύγονται."

What says our professor to this jobb?

"Ἐργον Ὀμηρεῖοιο τὸ δ' ἐπλετο Βαρνεσίοιο,

To foist in, ἀντὰρ of his own head, and so, *quantum in se*, to extinguish the true reading for ever, which, while ἀλλὰ was preserved in the text, might sometime be retrieved.

I dipped

I dipped into his second volume, and there I found this learned correction. Od. A. v. 546. pag. 307. "Agamemnon," says the Scholiast, "to judge fairly whether Ajax or Ulysses deserved Achilles's ar-

mour, ἀνχμαλώτες τῶν Τρώων ἀγέγων, ἡρώτησεν ὑπὸ ὁποτέρου τῶν Τρώων μᾶλλον ἱλυπύθησαν. Εἰπόντων δὲ τοῦ Ὀδυσσεύς, he gave the armour to him."

Here our professor corrects it, ὑπὸ ὁποτέρου [αὐτῶν οἱ Τρῶες,] and thus acts Thraso in his note; "*Ita emendo, sensu postulante; quique*

"*hoc valent, ad hos provoco.*" Impertinence!

to appeal to men of sense here; as if it required much sense to know that Ajax and Ulysses were not Trojans. The business is, to correct the place neatly, that is truly, as the author wrote it; which he has not done, but has gone clumsily about it. I'll give him the true lection with altering half a letter; "ὑπὸ ὁποτέρου τῶν [Ἡρώων;] from which "of the [two heroes] they suffered most."

This is clear and neat. But our professor, besides his botching in the words, has sullied even the sense; for the captives were not asked what all the Trojans, οἱ Τρῶες, thought, but only what they themselves thought.

Again,

Again, over the leaf, p. 309, v. 576, I find this worthy note; the poet had said of Tityus, ὃ δ' ἐπ' ἑνία κῆντο πῖλιδρα. Upon which says the Scholiast, “ πλῖδρον, ἕκτον μέρος σταδίου—
 “ ὡς τὸ Τίτυς τὸ σῶμα κατέχευεν τόπον ἑνὸς ἡμίσεος σταδίου.”
 So all former editions. One πλῖδρον being $\frac{1}{6}$ of a stadium, 9 πλῖδρα make one stadium and $\frac{3}{4}$. Now comes our learned professor's note: “ Cum πλῖδρον sit sexta pars stadii, et
 “ Tityus occupet novem πλῖδρα, sequitur, illum
 “ spatium occupare, non unius dimidii, sed
 “ unius stadii & dimidii: Quare inter ἑνὸς &
 “ ἡμίσεος addendum erat τὸ καί.” Here's your professor emeritus, that has made Greek his study per annos quadraginta, to whose pueritia other peoples manhood cannot reach. Now to pardon him his silly interpolation of ἡμίσιος for ἡμίσεος, and so making the Scholiast write Ionic; it's plain he thought ἑνὸς ἡμίσεος signified “one half,” and not “one
 “and a half;” a piece of ignorance for which he deserves to be turned out of the chair; and for which, and many others like it, *si magis me irritaverit*, I, as his principal elector and governor, may call him to account. What! he that in his preface
 has

has bragged of perusing Pollux, Suidas, Etymologus; not to know what all of them teach us: “ἐν ἡμισυ τάλαντον,” says Pollux, *lib.* 9, “is τρεῖς ἡμιτάλαντα,” i. e. “one talent and a half,” not “one half talent,” as this booby would think it. So, in those lexicographers and authors *passim*, “δύο ἡμισυ, τέσσαρα ἡμισυ, ἐξ ἡμισυ, $2\frac{1}{2}$, $4\frac{1}{2}$, $6\frac{1}{2}$, “δικαδύο ἡμισυ, $12\frac{1}{2}$,” not “twelve half,” I hope. A fit man indeed *per annos* 15 in *Graeca cathedra celeb. academiae sedere!* From thence I dipped in his fulsome *ἐπιλογος*, enough to make a man spew, that sees the vanity and insolence of the writer: where I meet with these verses,

Δὴ τοτ' ἐγὼ τρέιγλωσσος εἶν, καὶ αὐοῖδμος αἶψη,
Ἐυπρεαγίης τ' ἔλαχον, καὶ τιμῆς κυδιανείσης.

But what a shame is it for a man, that pretends to have been, *a teneris unguiculis*, a great grammarian and a poet, not to know that the second syllable of *εὐπρεαγία* is long!

Sir,

Sir, I write to you as a common friend, and desire you to shew Mr. Barnes this letter, but not to let him keep it, nor transcribe it. If it be true, that he gives out that he means me by those villainous characters, I shall teach him better manners towards his elector. For though I shall not honour him so much as to enter the lists against him myself; yet in one week's time I can send a hundred such remarks as these to his good friend Will. Baxter *, (whom I have known these twenty years) who, before the parliament sits, shall pay him home for his Anacreon; but if it be otherwise, that he did not describe me

* Soon after this, Mr. Baxter published a second edition of his Anacreon, in which he treated Mr. Barnes's with some contempt. It is observable also, that, in his second edition of Horace, finished by him, but a few days before his death, in 1725, "Dr. Bentley (he says) seems to him rather to have buried Horace under a heap of rubbish than to have illustrated him." *Scriptorem istum videtur magis oppressisse quam adornasse.* Such are the reciprocal civilities of critics!

under those general reproaches, a small satisfaction shall content me, which I leave you to be judge of; for I would not, without the utmost provocation, hurt the sale of his book, upon which he professes to have laid out his whole fortunes. Pray let me hear from you as soon as you can.

I am, &c.

R. BENTLEY.

✎ That ἀποπαπτανέειν, the correction proposed by our critic (p. 172) is the true reading, appears from the Vatican and Florentine MSS, in both of which it was afterwards found by his son, Dr. Thomas Bentley. See "Clarke's Homer," vol. ii, p. 63.

* LETTER CLXXVIII.

Sir RICHARD STEELE * to Bishop HOADLY.

MY LORD,

[without a date.]

I HOPE I shall be able to wait upon you at the place you command me at three of [the] clock on Monday next. There is no great danger of your assuming more power than is welcome: You never exert so much as is voluntarily given you. Coming home the other night, after your great condescension in liking such pleasures as I entertained your lordship with, I made the distich, which you will find if you turn over the leaf:

Virtue with so much ease on BANGOR sits,
All faults he pardons, though he none commits.

I am, my Lord,

Your most obliged,

most obedient, humble servant,

RICHARD STEELE.

* See vol. i, p. 290, note *.

* LETTER CLXXIX.

Mr. WELSTED † to Mr. -----.

SIR,

Tower, January 18, 1730.

THOUGH I do not think it proper at this time to trouble my great patron ‡ with a letter on the subject we lately talked of, I cannot however excuse myself from letting you know the sense I have of his goodness to me.

I do not remember, he ever refused me any thing I asked of him; but this last instance of his favour came unasked, and was indeed, in itself, and in the manner of it, so generous an exertion of humanity, that nothing can come up to it, except my own gratitude.

† See vol. i, letters li and liii. Mr. Welsted was patronised by the Duke of Newcastle, and had at this time a good place in the office of ordnance.

‡ Bishop Hoadly.

A a 2

I am

I am scarce able, as things now are with me, in any way to express to you what I thought or felt in that favourable instant, when I received by your hands so gracious a mark of [the] lord bishop of Salisbury's friendship; but be assured, that when I recount the days of my adversity, I shall leave that out of the number*; and when I call to mind what I most approve of myself, I shall dwell with pleasure on the sentiments I then had with respect to him.

The happiness he is possessed of in the consciousness of such actions is sincere and inviolable, and the memory of them will sit sweetly on him in extreme old age.

I beg, Sir, as I doubt not you have inclination for it, that you will take all op-

* In like manner, marshal Tallard, after passing some days with the duke of Devonshire, told his grace, that, "when he counted the days of his imprisonment in England, he should leave those that he passed at Chatsworth out of the number."

portunities to cultivate in this great and amiable man those kind dispositions, of which I so lately received so great a proof. Occasion may probably bring it in your way to throw out, in conversation, somewhat of more force and happiness for expressing my acknowledgments, than I can say myself. I would fain appear to him, at least, to be of a sincere and grateful spirit, and nothing would go nearer me than to be thought either not to see, when I met with handsome and kind usage, or not to have a heart that was duly affected with it.

I am, &c.

LEON. WELSTED.

• LET.

• LETTER CLXXX.

Rev. Mr. STRAIGHT † to Bishop HOADLY.

MY LORD,

[1732.]

I JUST now received your lordship's most surprising, generous, opportune, beatific letter. I was dead till I received it,

† Rector of Findon, Suffex, a living which was given him by Magdalen-college, Oxford, of which he had been fellow. He was ever in a state of persecution, as it were, for his extraordinary parts and eccentric good sense; by which entirely he got rid of his good enthusiastic father's prejudices (in which he was educated) in favour of the "French prophets," by whom he was eaten up and betrayed.

Mr. Straight married the eldest daughter of Mr. Davenport, vicar of Broad Hinton, Wilts, whom he left a widow with six children. After his death, two volumes 8vo. of "Select discourses" were published for their benefit, which, though never designed by him

but it has given me new life: I feel myself
gay, elated I have been tithe-gathe-
ring these three weeks, and never thought
to enquire after any thing for the future,
but the price of corn: but now I shall see
London again, I shall see Sarum again, I
shall see the bishop again,

Shall eat his oysters, drink his ale,
Loos'ning the tongue, as well as tail;

I shall be poetical, oratorical, ambitious; I
shall write again to the young divine*;
nay, I don't know but to the public. But
I must suppress the extravagance of my

him for the press, were extremely worthy of it.
His circumstances and health were particularly
hurt by his turning farmer, and dying soon after,
before he had time to retrieve the extraordinary first
expences. The few poems that he wrote, which
are excellent, and much in the manner of Prior, are
inserted in Dodsley's collection, vol. v, p. 244--288.

This letter was occasioned by the bishop's giving
him the prebend of Warminster, in the cathedral of
Salisbury.

* Mr. John Hoadly.

joy,

joy, and think of proper terms to express my gratitude. I can only wish your lordship and myself a long life to shew it. . .

I am,

Your lordship's

most obliged humble servant,

J. STRAIGHT.

APPENDIX.

[1]

A P P E N D I X.

MINUTES FOR AN ESSAY ON THE HARMONY OF VERSE*.

BY MR. HUGHES.

IN THE PREFACE.

..... **A**S this discourse must necessarily be often dry and minute in the rules, it has been endeavoured to enliven it, and relieve the reader, by selecting examples,

* Many of the thoughts in this essay, unfinished as it is, are similar to those of the author's learned friend Mr. Say, in his two essays "on the harmony, "variety, and power of numbers," which were written in the year 1737, at the request of Mr. Richardson, the painter, and published, after Mr. Say's death, in 1745. See letter iv, note.

which, besides the reasons for which they are cited, have a beauty of thought and expression, and an agreeable variety.

SECTION I.

Sir William Temple's reason of the force of poetry among the ancients, from the union of the three powers of painting, eloquence, and music.

The ancient poetry was all sung.

The variation of the numbers among the ancients in poetry, as well as in music, was to express the passions.

Rude sketches like these, by the hand of a master, are always less valuable for having been touched upon by an inferior pencil: they are therefore submitted to the connoisseur in their original form, and in those draughts where only the outline is chalked, or, without a metaphor, where the rules are not confirmed by examples, his own sagacity and observation will readily supply them. The passages between hooks [] are added by the editor.

On the chorus of the ancient tragedy.

See a passage in Aristotle's problem, by which it appears that not only the chorus, but the scenes, were sung, or spoken to a kind of modulation, like recitative music.

On the ancient ode, the strophe, antistrophe, and epodon.

The harmony of verse then originally was its aptness for music. And what was afterwards called harmony in verse had an analogy to this first use of poetry.

Harmony in verse is therefore an apt disposition of the words, so as to affect the ear of the reader with a sort of musical delight.

This is found, in a less degree, in all oratorical prose; for instance, in Cicero's "orations." Livy's "Roman history," which is perhaps written more in the oratorical than in the historical style, is a kind

of numerous prose, and it is observed by Dryden, that the very first line of it,

Facturusne operæ pretium sim,

is an hexameter hemistich, [and that of Tacitus an entire one;

Urbem Romam à principio Reges habuere.

Livy too, describing the glorious effort of a tribune to break through a brigade of the enemy, just after the battle of Cannæ, falls unknowingly into a verse not unworthy of Virgil himself:

*Hæc ubi dicta dedit, stringit gladium, cuneoque
Facto per medios, &c. **

Some modern instances of numerous prose.

[“Then was the war shivered,” says Milton, “into small frays or bickerings, at wood
“or waters, as chance or valour, advice or
“rashness led them on; commanded, or
“without command.”]

* Dryden’s preface to “Virgil’s pastorals,” p. 98.

Another

Another celebrated writer, contemporary with Milton, thus closes his account of the mental prayer of the mystics, now called *Quietists*: “A kind of purgatory it is in
 “devotion; something out of this world,
 “and not in another; above the earth, and
 “beneath heaven; where we will leave it
 “in clouds and darkness.” And Mr. Say, like Longinus, thus describes, and at the same time exemplifies, the use and power of the iambic and anapæst, with which Cicero flashes in the face of guilty Catiline,
 “It hās at ‘ōnce ā shārp ānd ā sūdden fōund:
 the sāmē which mēn ūse wĥēn thēy pōur out ā
 tōrrēt ōf wōrds in thēir āngēr*.”]

The affectation of this is, however, a great fault, and the distinction between prose and verse is better preserved now than formerly.

The first thing that constitutes the harmony of verse is the measure.

* Essay i, p. 125.

2. The feet among the ancients, dactyls, spondees, &c.

3. The just observation of the quantity of the syllables, and the laying the accent harmoniously, that no syllable may be forced out of its natural sound.

4. The variation of the pauses.

5. The order, or situation, of the words : for instance, "I heaven invoke : Heaven
"I invoke."

As our verse is less numerous than that of the ancients, our prose is so too in proportion ; so that among us the distinction between verse and prose is kept as wide as among them ; our prose admitting of fewer transpositions of the words out of their natural order, and our verse being sprinkled with such transpositions as sometimes give a majesty to it, though they would be affected in prose.

Vossius is mistaken in asserting, p. 33, that the moderns have no distinction of feet, or quantities of syllables, and nothing but the "sound of like endings," now called "rhyme," which he compares to the motion of a drunken man.

See *Dionys. Halic. de verborum collocatione*.

However faulty the French may be, it is plain that this is not true when applied to English poetry. It must be allowed, that, having no *prosodia*, we have not yet distinguished more than the number of syllables in each verse, but have not divided those syllables into different feet with distinct names. That a certain number of syllables, for example, ten, which is the number allotted to our heroic verse, is not always sufficient to frame a verse, may be seen from the following line, set down three several ways :

The Saxons reign'd long since o'er this island.
O'er this island long since reign'd the Saxons.
Long since o'er this island the Saxons reign'd.

This

This is no verse, though there are ten syllables in it; but let the words be placed in the following order,

Long since the Saxons o'er this island reign'd,

and you will find it is a verse, and reads very harmoniously.

SECTION II.

The ancient heroic verse was varied by the different feet, dactyls and spondees, and consisted of a different number of syllables. The English heroic consists of ten syllables, yet of different feet, according as the accent falls on those syllables.

Examples of this :

Ō could I | flow like | thee, and | make thy
stream

My | great ex|ample, as it is my theme !

In

In this couplet, the first syllable in the first line is long, and with the two short ones that follow may be reckoned to make one foot of the verse. In the second line, the first syllable is short, and the second long. But the variation of the length and shortness of the syllables, and consequently the various falling of the accent, will best be seen in a diagram :

1st line.

2d line.



The ill found of verse is either when the measure is ill chosen, as

When I sigh by my Phyllis, and gaze on those eyes,

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b

which

which is a kind of a jig movement, or triple time; or when the quantity of syllables is not duly observed, as . . .

[Before he 'scap'd, so it pleas'd my destiny
(Guilty of my sin of going) to think me
As prone to all ill, and of good as forgetful, &c.
Donne.]

Or when the stops are not varied.

Dr. Aldrich fancied he could distinguish Virgil's verse from any other, if only the marks were written, and the words left out.

Virgil, the most harmonious versifier, has made the first six lines of his ivth eclogue close with the same stops at the end of each line:

*Sicelides Musæ, paulo majora canamus.
Non omnes arbuta juvant, humilesque myricæ.
Si canimus sylvas, sylvæ sint consule dignæ.
Ultima Cumæi venit jam carminis ætas.
Magnus ab integro seclorum nascitur ordo.
Jam redit et virgo, redeunt Saturnia regna.*

Dryden,

Dryden, though in a language that admits of less variation of harmony, has translated them thus :

Sicilian Muse, begin a loftier strain !
 Though lowly shrubs, and trees that shade the plain,
 Delight not all ; Sicilian Muse prepare
 To make the vocal woods deserve a consul's care.
 The last great age, foretold by sacred rhymes,
 Renews its finish'd course, Saturnian times
 Roll round again, &c.

By which means, the lines being drawn out one into another, and the stops varied, there arises from them a more agreeable harmony.

SECTION III.

THERE is yet another cause of the harmony, which arises from the varying the sense and grammatical construction of the sentences, which alters the modulation of the voice.---The measure, feet, accents, pauses, come under an analogy to time in music. This part is analogous to tone.

The voice in reading rises, or falls, according to the different sense, or construction, of the sentences which express that sense.

That there are some words which emphatically engage the voice is seen by the custom which has often prevailed of marking with Italic characters,

Affirmations lower the voice in the end of a sentence; interrogations and admirations raise it. No one will doubt that this variation of the tone of the voice has its force in harmonious verse.

If too many verses follow one another with interrogations, there will be a *κακοφωνία*.

Example, from Denham :

Could we not wake from that lethargic dream,
But to be restless in a worse extreme?
And for that lethargy was there no cure,
But to be cast into a calenture?

Can

Can knowledge have no bound, but must advance
So far, to make us wish for ignorance? &c.

.....
Who sees these dismal heaps, but would demand
What barbarous invader sack'd the land?
But when he hears, no Goth, no Turk, did bring
This desolation, but a christian king;
When nothing, but the name of zeal, appears
'Twixt our best actions, and the worst of theirs,
What, does he think, our sacrilege would spare,
When such th' effects of our devotions are?

If the last lines were left out, which are
a tautology in the sense, as well as a repetition
of the sound, the harmony would
certainly be better.

An instance of the tone finely varied :

[No sooner had th' Almighty ceas'd, but all
The multitude of angels, with a shout
Loud, as from numbers without number, sweet
As from blest voices uttering joy.

Milton.]

Another cause of harmony is a due mixture
of polysyllables and monosyllables.
Donne's verse is vicious in having so many
monosyllables, and no stops.

Another

Another cause is turns and repetitions, sometimes of the same word, sometimes of the same line. For the first, an example in the stanza of Spenser on music,

The joyous birds, &c.

Of the second, Milton's speech of Eve to Adam,

Sweet is the breath of morn, &c.

Words in the same line beginning with a letter (commonly called alliteration) too minute, though affected by Dryden, [viz.

The silent Lethe leads her gentle flood.
About the boughs a numerous nation flew, &c.]

Another principal cause of the music or poetry is the making the sound to imitate the sense. Lord Roscommon's character of Virgil,

The sound is still a comment to the sense.

The

The first and most common way of accenting the verse is to make it consist of five feet to each line, and in each foot the first syllable short, the second long; as thus:

Äs | wĥēn | sŏme grēat | änd grācĭous prĭn|cĕs
dĭes, |

Sŏft whĭs|pĕrs fĭrst, | änd mŏurn|fŭl mŭr|mŭrs
rĭse |

Ämŏng | thĕ fäd | ättē|dänts, thēn | thĕ
fŏund |

Soŏn gä|thers vŏice, änd sprēads thĕ nĕws
äround.

This is the most vulgar, and the common people generally read all verse in this movement, laying the accent on the second syllable.

Though deep, yet clear, though gentle, yet not dull,
Strong without rage, without o'erflowing full.

Denham

As the harmony of these lines has all the perfection that can arise from the unforced quantities

quantities of the syllables, so is that harmony varied by the stops, the diversifying the grammatical structure of each sentence, and the different placing of the accent on the words. It may seem very minute to explain this particularly; but because Dryden has somewhere * mentioned the music of these lines as a riddle which few could explain, and has kept that secret to himself, it may not be amiss here to attempt a solution of it.

I shall say nothing of the natural and unforced quantities in these two lines, (which are immediately obvious to every reader,) but only that by this means the verse is smooth, and there is no need to distort any word in the pronouncing to make it stand in the verse. The four pauses are also musical, each containing an entire sentence; but this music would not be so perfect, if the grammatical structure of each sentence was the same: as if, for example, it ran thus:

* In his dedication of the "*Æneid*" to the marquis of Normanby, p. 277.

Though

Though deep, yet clear; though gentle, yet lively;
Though strong, yet calm; though full, yet restrain'd.

This, though the quantities of the syllables were kept as exactly as at present, would not make so musical a verse. But, as it is in Denham, the second sentence is varied from the first, by the negative; the third from both the preceding; and the last sentence from the third, by the participle and the transposing the order of the words; and the closing the couplet with the emphatical word "full," completes the harmony.

Though deep, yet clear; though gentle, yet not dull;
Strong, without rage; without o'erflowing, full.

Thus it is plain that the first three sentences have a different grammatical form, which varies the sound of them, and the last, a different order of the words, which continues the variety. And if there be any other mystery in the music of these lines, I confess it is beyond my skill to discover it*.

* With the above the reader may compare the
Vol. III. c following

THE WAY TO WRITE HARMONIOUSLY.

1. A good ear.

2. Observation of the reasons of harmony; nothing that is artful being the

following account of the same couplet, given by Mr. Say :

“ A contrast to each other, I imagine, must be
 “ added to the many accounts that have been given
 “ of the pleasure which every reader feels in that
 “ celebrated distich in ‘ Cooper’s hill,’ which Mr.
 “ Dryden has rendered so remarkable by proposing
 “ the true reason of it as a problem to torture the
 “ grammarians. For nothing can be more different
 “ than the sounds, and the numbers or movements
 “ in the two verses, as will appear to the ear itself,
 “ and by measuring the time in the feet of either
 “ that are opposed to the other,

“ Though deep, yet clear, though gentle, yet not dull ;

“ where the verse moves as slow and silent, or as
 “ gentle, as the river; all in iambics, if we call
 “ them so, that are nearer to spondees, excepting in
 “ one

effect of chance, but governed by some rules, though those rules are not commonly known, or set down in writing.

“ one place, where it would have been a manifest
“ impropriety.

“ But stronger ideas required numbers stronger
and fuller; and such is the following verse :

“ Strong, without rage; without o'erflowing, full.

“ It begins with a trochee, which gives motion
“ to the river; but checked by a spondee of two
“ very long times, opposed to the shorter times of
“ that which stands in the same place in the preceding
“ verse; as the trochee here is opposed to a
“ spondee of longer sound in the former. The like
“ we may observe in the true or genuine iambic in
“ the third foot, which is opposed to the gentler
“ spondee above it; and as the weakest sounds fall,
“ as the ideas require they should, on the fourth and
“ fifth feet in the first, so the sounds that fill and
“ arrest the ear, stand in the fourth movement here,
“ and yet are closed in the most agreeable manner,
“ as the law of the distich generally demands, with
“ a real iambic, or sounds that approach the nearest
“ to it. And the last half of the former verse has
“ no beauty, in my opinion, but what is owing to
“ this opposition, and its agreement with the image
“ it represents.”

“ Essay on the numbers of Paradise Lost, p. 151--3.”

3. The frequent reading of the most harmonious writers, especially when you are going to write. This puts the ear in tune.

EXAMPLES OF MUSICAL PASSAGES IN VERSE.

Dryden's Salmoneus from Virgil very musically translated, and with a strength of sound equal to the subject. His Cæcilia's ode.

TURN AND REPETITION OF WORDS.

Her sisters often, as 'tis said, would cry,
 " Fie, Salmacis, what always idle, fie !
 " Or take thy quiver, or thy arrows seize,
 " And mix the toils of hunting with thy ease."
 Nor quiver she nor arrows e'er would seize,
 Nor mix the toils of hunting with her ease.

Addison's Ovid.

Ignoscenda quidem, scirent si ignoscere manes.

Virg.

A fault, but such a fault, as all believe,
Had claim'd forgiveness, could but hell forgive.

.....
Strong bands, if bands ungrateful men could bind.

Dryden.

There rest,—if any rest can harbour there.

Milton.

[Was I deceiv'd, or did a fable cloud
Turn forth her silver lining on the night?
I did not err, there does a fable cloud
Turn forth her silver lining on the night.

Ditto.]

— *Crudelis tu quoque mater, &c.*

Virg.

— *Quid habes illius illius,*

Quæ spirabat amores? Hor. ad Lycen.

Tasso's stanza like Spenser's in the
"Bower of Bliss *."

Dryden's translation of the "simile" in
the second book of Virgil is more musical
than the original.

* "Manifestly copied," as Dr. Warton observes,
"from Ariosto."

Rent

Rent like a mountain ash, which dar'd the winds,
 And flood the sturdy strokes of lab'ring hinds :
 About the roots the cruel axe resounds,
 The stumps are pierc'd with oft repeated wounds,
 The war is felt on high, the nodding crown
 Now threatens a fall, and throws the leafy honours
 down, &c.

And Æneas's last speech to Turnus, Book xii.

— *Tunc hinc spoliis indute meorum, &c.*

Traitor, dost thou, dost thou to grace pretend,
 Clad, as thou art, in trophies of my friend ?
 To his sad soul a grateful offering go;
 'Tis Pallas, Pallas gives this dreadful blow !

In music it is not allowed to take two eights or two fifths in sequence, because these being perfect concords, the first especially, and nearly related to the unison, if the composer takes two of them following one another, the harmony is said to stand still, or to have no progression. Though this is not to be applied, with the utmost strictness, to poetry, yet it is certain, that, if many couplets follow one another, all
 stopped

stopped alike, (as suppose the first line of each of them with a comma, the second with a period, or full stop,) there is a like fault.

Examples :

[A spring there is, whose silver waters show,
Clear as a flood, the shining sands below.

Pope.

Pride of thy age, and glory of thy race,
Come to these arms, and melt in this embrace.

Ditto.]

But if a mortal, blest thy nurse's breast,
Blest are thy parents, and thy sisters blest.

Addison's Ovid.

Here it is plain that the sound of the first line is repeated in the second of each couplet, so the ear is cloyed, and the harmony has no progression.

For the variation of pauses see the speeches in the two first books of *Paradise Lost*, [and particularly the invocation, or argument

argument to that poem, where, for forty lines together, the same numbers, in every respect, are scarce once repeated. See also Dryden's translation of the beginning of the third Georgic.]

OF BURDENS IN SONGS, OR IN OTHER POETRY.

The fault of Virgil, *Eniipe*, *Mænaios*, &c. The same in Theocritus, and other ancient poets. The burden in Prior's *Nut-brown Maid* the best instance to be found.

See an instance in Pastorella.

Lascia ——— ed ama ;

and in Tasso's *Aminta*,

Cangia cangia consilio
Pazzarella che sei.

The right use of all these minute rules is neither to be too thoughtful of them when you write, nor wholly negligent of them.

them. They operate best when formed into a habit, like the graces in music, or a manner in playing or singing.

The effect is certain, that the music of verse is a very delightful part, and in the foregoing discourse it is endeavoured to shew the causes.

OF THE IMPEDIMENTS TO HARMONY IN VERSE.

1. Too many consonants in a language, or too many vowels. The extremes are the High Dutch, (or Welch,) and the Italian.
2. Unison rhymes, or words jingling in the same line, which was a fault among the ancients, and is so still, though we have admitted rhyme. Thus Cicero,

O fortunatam natam me consule Romam,

[which, bad as it is, Dryden, in his translation, has happily made worse,

Fortune foretun'd the dying notes of Rome,
Till I, her consul sole, consol'd her doom.]

Vossius de viribus rythmi.

Membris et articulis distinctum.

P. 4. *Primo enim observârunt, &c. ut
cantui aptentur.*

Pyrriehus diffyl. ∪ ∪. Spondee — —.

Iâmbic ∪ —. Trochee — ∪.

In trissyllables there is a greater variety, as

Tribrachys ∪ ∪ ∪. Molossus — — —.

Anapæst ∪ ∪ —. Dactyl — ∪ ∪.

Spondees give the hexameter verse weight,
dactyls volubility.

The vast variation of the ancient feet, p. 8,
in all, 124 various kinds.

See Vossius, p. 10.

Of what force the ancient numbers were
may be conjectured from Plato's banishing
some

some movements of verse from his commonwealth. This is not to be understood, unless we consider that music was joined with it, and it is certain that some music is manly and grave, and some soft and effeminate.

Milton's "sounds marry'd to immortal
"verse."

The Pythagoreans called verse the male,
and music the female.

See Vossius, p. 14.

About the time of Ptolemy Philopater, Aristophanes, the grammarian, changed the Greek *profodia*, (after which the marks were differently written,) and untuned the ancient verse.

P. 22. "The French not only neglect
"the natural quantity of the syllables, but
"for the most part also the accents them-
"selves." [Hence the common joke upon
them,

Nos Galli non curamus quantitatē.]

d 2

Virgil,

Virgil, to avoid rhyme in his verse, chose
to write,

Cum canibus timidi venient ad pocula damæ,

instead of *timidæ*. [And the nice ears of
the court of Augustus could not bear the
jingle of *At regina pyrâ*.]

*Quæ sunt ampla et pulchra, &c. quæ le-
pida et concinna, &c.*

Rhetor. ad Herennium, lib. 4:

See p. 30. *De amisso antiquo cantu ver-
sum.*

Quintilian says, that “ the reading of
“ poetry should be so managed as to re-
“ semble neither prose nor singing.” [The
Italians seem to attempt this in their rea-
ding of poetry.] The vulgar pronuncia-
tion is *völüces*, the poetical *yölüces*.

The

The French have no dactyl; the English no anapæst. French abounds in iambics and anapæsts, English in dactyls and trochees.

Vossius falsely calls English “soft and effeminate.” A ridiculous fancy of Vossius’s barber combing his head in iambics, trochees, dactyls, &c. which, he says, gave him great pleasure.

OF RHYME, &c.

To be treated in the last place. . . .

THE

[xxx]

THE FOLLOWING PIECES
ARE OMITTED IN THE
COLLECTION of Mr. HUGHES's WORKS
PUBLISHED IN 1735.

DEDICATION * [of Charon, or the Ferry-
boat] to the Swiss COUNT [HEIDEGGER.]

S I R,

IT would be lessening a man of your fame, not to imagine you sufficiently known by the title, which, by the courtesy of England, you have long enjoyed, and which therefore needs not the addition of your name. But not to lose time in ceremony, I hasten to give you and the reader some reasons for this dedication.

* See vol. i, p. 216, note *.

It is a piece of craft often practised among authors, when they are about to publish some trifle which they suspect may lie too quietly in the bookseller's shop, to help it off by the choice of a patron, whose name and character may be a means to make it spread. It is for this reason, and knowing that you go into a great deal of company, that I have taken the liberty (for which I beg your pardon) of pinning this paper to your sleeve. If I had interest enough in you to get you to recommend it to all your friends, customers, and subscribers, it might, for ought I know, reach almost *all christian people whom these presents may concern*. No one perhaps of this age has had so great a hand as yourself in furnishing out many of the wares, which persons in the circumstances of those represented in the following vision are the most loth to part with. It is now, I think, for some years, that you have been chief proveditor of diversions and amusements for the service of the inhabitants of this island, some of which you have imported
from

from abroad, and others you have varied and embellished with so extensive and skilful a genius, that it is no wonder that most who have had a taste of them are so very unwilling to remove from hence, or to leave them behind. I hope it will not be thought inferior to your character, if I should call you a sort of property-man to the great stage of the world. Those who are acquainted with the inside of the play-house know, that there is a certain officer with that title, who has in his keeping a whole warehouse of all the toys and trinkets made use of by the players upon the theatre, and gives them out, and takes them back, as there is occasion. I had once therefore thought of assigning you a station, in the following vision, near Mercury, where, as the dead were stripped, you might have had an opportunity of stopping whatever belonged to your office, and have taken your own goods again: but I considered how full your hands are of business, and how ill a person of your importance could be spared.

With

With these and the like thoughts in my head, and a proof-sheet of the following papers in my hand, which had been just brought me from the press, I happened to fall asleep, and had a very whimsical dream; which, because it concerns you, and at the same time is a sort of an appendix to the vision I am presenting to you, I beg leave to relate here in the dedication.

Methought you were very gay one night over a bottle of champaign at the *blue posts* in your neighbourhood; and being somewhat elevated by your late successes, and wisely thinking at the same time how to provide for the future, you fell into a new project, to which you were encouraged by a certain poet of your acquaintance, then in your company, who undertook to sell you some acres of ground to build upon in the Elysian-fields. You had very prudently considered, that vast numbers of people who are travelling towards the regions below, would probably be at a loss, when they come thither, how to spend their

time. Your design therefore was to erect a large square of buildings for such sort of entertainments and diversions, as are usual at carnivals, and to call it by the name of **HEIDEGGER'S FOLLY**. You procured, in the first place, a large subscription to be paid you down in ready money, and then with a choice colony of fidlers, dancers, tumblers, carpenters, scene-painters, and the like; and many waggon-loads of painted cloth, machines, rich furniture, variety of the newest habits, and other valuable curiosities, you set forward on the road towards your intended new plantation. But, alas, the hard fate of projectors! Before you came half way to the place, a sudden storm of wind arose, overturned and disfurnished your waggons in a moment, and as if they had been loaded only with chaff or feathers, whirled away their whole contents over a vast vacuity, into the *Limbo* described by Milton in the third book of his *Paradise Lost*. I was so struck with concern for you and your good company, that I waked in a fright, and was glad to find by the advertisement inserted in the Daily Courant,

Courant, of the next ball to be in the Hay-market, that you were probably at that time in good health, and in no such great haste to be gone from us.

But to draw to an end. I have heard of a pleasant fellow who had an affair depending in the reign of king Charles the second, and humorously made a request to the duke of Buckingham, who was then in great favour and popularity, that his grace would only be pleased to let him stop him the next day, when his business was to come on, in some very public place, and give the petitioner leave to hold him in a seeming whisper for two minutes, amongst a crowd of observers. This artifice alone did more than several months soliciting, and his affair succeeded to his wish. I have used the same stratagem with you, in hopes of the like success; and therefore thanking you now for your ear, and for the honour I have taken to myself, of an acquaintance I never had with you before, I release you from any further trouble, and am (though still unknown)

Sir, Your obliged humble servant.

PREAMBLE to the Patent of creating Lord
Chancellor COWPER an Earl.

QUEMADMODUM semper erit nobis in primis gratum, viros verè dignos titulis ornare, qui virtute fulgente, & claris animi dotibus, honores quos accipiunt decorant; statuimus perquam fidelem & dilectum nostrum GULIELMUM Dominum COWPER, Baronem de Wingham, Cancellarium Magnæ Britanniae, in omni tempore optimè de nobis & de republicâ meritum, ad proveciorem nobilitatis gradum vocare. Quem, maximum in arduis regni consiliis iudicium, diu conspecta probitas, semper inconcussa fides, summa legum peritia, & æqui bonique studium, sapientiæ non parum, multum eloquentiæ, non magis nobis quam patriæ suæ dilectum reddidère. Regnante Annâ, vir tantis virtutibus præcellens, ad munus Cancellarii Magnæ Britanniae maturè accersitus est. Florente republicâ, omnia implevit consilarii solertis, subditi fidelis, bonique civis officia; periclitante postea libertate, otium honestum summis dignitatibus præposuit. Nec tamen desistit in senatu iniquitati temporum quantum potuit obviam ire, hostesque patriæ, & perditâ consilia, fortiter, sagaciter, diligenter oppugnare. Quum verò res nostræ, pene labefactæ, in solido rursus locatæ sunt, ut primum, providentiâ divinâ, ad regnum nostrum pervenimus, merito revocandus erat ad priora munera sustinenda. Ex eo tempore satis superque est nobis conspectum, quantum meruit & meretur, & quam bene honores magis ampli, non tam quæsi quam parti, summis virtutibus largiundi sunt. Quapropter, &c.

* MORAL

* MORAL REFLECTIONS

1. **E**VERY one complains of his memory, but no one of his judgment.

2. In the commerce of life we oftener please by our faults than by our good qualities.

3. Gallantry of wit consists in saying a flattering thing with an agreeable air.

4. The wit is always the cully of the heart.

5. Nothing is less sincere than the manner of asking and giving counsel. He that asks, appears to have a deference for the sentiments of his friend, though he thinks of nothing but having his own sentiments approved by him. And he that gives counsel, repays the confidence expressed in him

him with the appearance of an ardent and disinterested zeal, though he often seeks only his own interest or reputation.

6. If we did not flatter ourselves, we should enjoy very little pleasure.

7. It is easier to be wise for others, than for ourselves.

8. Persons never appear so ridiculous by the qualities they have, as by those they affect.

9. A man sometimes differs as much from himself as from other people.

10. As it is the character of great wits to express a great deal in a few words, so little wits, on the contrary, talk a great deal, and yet say nothing.

11. Nature makes merit, and fortune employs it.

12. There

12. There are two sorts of constancy in love: One proceeds from our continually finding new charms in the person we love; the other from the honour we assume to ourselves in being constant.

13. He that lives without folly is not so wise as he thinks himself.

14. Hypocrisy is a homage which vice pays to virtue.

15. Too great a concern to acquit one's self of an obligation is one kind of ingratitude.

16. It is great folly to think of being wise alone.

17. Coquetry is at the root of all women's humour: but all do not put it in practice; for fear in some, and reason in others, hold it in restraint.

18. There

18. There is as much eloquence to be observed in a person's tone of voice, in his eyes and gesture, as in his choice of expressions.

19. The pleasure of an amour is loving, and we are happier by the passion we have, than by that we inspire.

20. The wisest part of those who have not much wisdom is to know how to submit to the conduct of another.

21. Pride, which often inspires us with envy, sometimes helps us to moderate it.

22. Virtue would not go far, if vanity did not keep her company.

23. Magnanimity is sufficiently defined by its name: however, one may say, it is the good sense of pride, and the noblest way to receive praise.

24. There

24. There are disguised falshoods which represent truth so much to the life, that it would be ill judgment not to suffer ourselves to be deceived by them.

25. It sometimes shews as much ingenuity to know how to profit by good counsel, as to be able to give it to ourselves.

26. We have always a kindness for those who admire us, but not always for those whom we admire.

27. Such odd accidents sometimes happen in life, that a man must be in some degree a fool to be able to extricate himself out of them.

28. The reason why lovers and their mistresses are never tired of one another's company, is, because they are always talking of themselves.

29. Our wisdom is not less at the mercy of fortune, than our goods and possessions.

30. Fortune discovers our virtues and vices, as light does objects.

31. Our actions are like the last syllables of verses; every one makes them rhyme to what he pleases.

32. The air of a citizen is lost sometimes in the army, but never in the court.

33. There is a sort of elevation which does not all depend upon fortune.

• MISCELLANEOUS OBSERVATIONS.

I. **R**EPUTATION can never be too carefully preserved, because it is the best instrument in business, and of more use upon occasion, than any man foresees.

II. Some

2. Some men have owed their fortunes to their vices, but this is like raising an estate by gaming, so hazardous and uncertain, that no man of discretion would venture upon it.

3. Our own opinion that we shall succeed, is that which often gives us success in the most difficult undertakings.

4. Coquetry is faulty only in the manner and degree of it, for something of coquetry is as necessary as dress, to make a woman agreeable.

5. Coquetry is the desire of pleasing the men, and inspiring love; the variety of it arises from the different humour and wit of those it possesses.

6. A man may be very unconcerned in a duel, and yet the worst of cowards in the field; because the confidence of his own skill is a security to him in the first case, but not in the second.

7. There is an agreeable vanity in moving others, which avails itself of all instruments proper to this purpose; and this constitutes the pleasure we take in telling surprising news and stories which cause admiration.

8. There is a counterfeit modesty which is only the effect of pride.

9. Pride has the most contrary effects in the world; it makes some men extremely rude and unmannerly, and others, perfectly well bred and complaisant.

10. Assurance, if it signifies no more than a man's being able on all occasions to possess himself, and to be master at any time of what he has attained, or can do, is a noble and necessary virtue.

11. There is a difference between *vanity* and what the *French* call *fierté*. The first is often worn like an under-garment, and not offensive to others. The latter is a
manner

manner in the countenance, and gesture, and behaviour, which always displeases.

12. No man knows the force of his own passions, or what he is capable of performing, if they are very powerfully touched.

13. In the studying and practising of men, the greatest art is to find out every one's principal spring, and to be able by that, to move him to what we wish ; an art that an honest man may innocently use, but in which few excel, but knaves.

14. It is hard to say whether a man's virtue is most exposed in a life of idleness and pleasure, or a life of business and gain.

15. Some ladies have a coquette modesty, as others have an affected unaffectedness.

16. There is no being long and sincerely happy, without being wise, which as common

mon an observation as it has been, yet wants to be made anew, by most, even of those, whom the world thinks both wise and happy.

17. Of all charities, that of employing the poor is the most charitable. It is in a manner to double the obligation by lessening it, it being more grateful to any man to put him in a capacity of relieving himself, than to make him a pensioner to others. It is turning a bounty into a reward.

18. In repenting or acknowledging a fault, we look less in our own imagination, but greater in the eyes of others. A general having beaten an officer, on a misinformation, begged his pardon at the head of the army. The officer replied, "Sir, you have restored me my honour, but taken away my life, for after this, I can do no less than sacrifice it in this day's service"---it being just before an engagement.

19. There

19. There is a barbarous curiosity in beholding madness, and a pity, a reproach therefore it is, that Bedlam * should be considered as a holiday-shew, like the Abbey and the Tower. The unhappy objects themselves are by this means often discomposed and sometimes irritated, and the sight may be, and has frequently been attended by fatal consequences to those who have hearts among the gazers.

20. False importance in behaviour, is like the false sublime in oratory. Where merit is wanting, what little arts are used to captivate esteem! Thus, one who was a great dealer in secrets, used to whisper the time of the day.

21. General (afterwards earl) Stanhope shewed a song to Wat Moyle, as written by a stranger. Moyle damned it, but afterwards perceiving it was Stanhope's, would have softened it; Stanhope told him he should not retract his words, and thanked him for having cured him of poetry.

* This has lately been prevented.

22. What

22. What we call *taste*, is a kind of *extempore* judgment; it is a settled habit of distinguishing, without staying to attend to rules, or ratiocination, and arises from long use and experience:

23. Misapplied shame is only pride; as a man's being ashamed of his poor relations, or of his frugality.

24. Most men court admiration rather than esteem; as many would rather be thought knaves than fools.

25. False breeding is as great an abuse of nature, as false wit is of truth.

26. Self-opinion is nature's stratagem, to keep all the world quiet.

27. A virtuous reverence of ourselves is the foundation of respect from others.

28. Modesty

28. Modesty softens the eyes, and improves the beauty of the face, while it discovers that of the mind.

29. The clown, in Shakespear's Twelfth-night, says, " he is the worse for his friends, because they praise him, and make an ass of him; but his foes tell him plainly he is an ass: "so that by his foes he profits in the knowledge of himself, and by his friends he is abused."

30. The Gowers, or remains of the ancient Pagan Persians (Origines of the country) never built a temple to the sun, those idolaters asserting, that no place on earth would be capacious enough, because the whole world is (they say) the sun's temple.

WRITTEN in a WINDOW at GREENHITHE *.

GREAT president of light and eye of day,
As through this glafs you cast your visual ray,
And view with nuptial joys two brothers blest,
And see us celebrate the genial feast,
Confess, that, in your progress round the sphere,
You've found the happiest youths and brightest
beauties here.

1708.

The TOASTERS.

WHILE circling healths inspire your sprightly wit,
And on each glafs some beauty's praise is writ,

* Ince Grice (now called Ingress) a place once belonging to the priory of Dartford, very agreeably situated near the Thames. It then belonged to Jonathan Smith, esq; who, with his brother captain Nathaniel Smith, resided there, and made considerable improvements in the house and gardens.

See "Harris's history of Kent," p. 309. See also letter vi of this collection, vol. i.

It was lately the feat of John Calcraft, esq; (deceased) member of parliament for Rochester.

You

You ask, my friends, how can my silent Muse
To Montagu's * soft name a verse refuse?
Bright though she be, of race victorious sprung,
By wits ador'd, and by court-poets sung,
Unmov'd I hear her person call'd divine,
I see her features uninspiring shine;
A softer fair my soul to transport warms,
And, she once nam'd, no other nymph has charms †.

1709.

TOFTS † AND MARGARITTA §.

MUSIC has learn'd the discords of the state,
And concerts jar with whig and tory hate.

* Mary dutchess of Montagu, (born in 1689,) youngest daughter of John duke of Marlborough, and mother to the present dutchess of Montagu.

† See vol, ii, p. 70.

‡ Mrs. Tofts took her first grounds of music here in her own country, before the Italian taste had so highly prevailed.—Whatever defect the fashionably skilful might find in her manner, she had, in the general sense of her spectators, charms that few of the most learned fingers ever arrive at. The beauty of her fine-proportioned figure, and exquisitely sweet

Here Somerset and Devonshire attend
 The British Tofts, and every note commend,
 To native merit just, and pleas'd to see
 We've Roman arts, from Roman bondage free.
 There fam'd L'Epine does equal skill employ,
 While list'ning peers crowd to th' ecstatic joy:
 Bedford, to hear her song, his dice forakes,
 And Nottingham is raptur'd when she shakes;
 Lull'd statesmen melt away their drowsy cares
 Of England's safety in Italian airs.
 Who would not send each year blank pass'es o'er,
 Rather than keep such strangers from our shore?

silver tone of her voice, with the peculiar rapid softness of her throat, were perfections not to be imitated by art or labour.

“ Cibber's apology, &c. p. 319.”

§ Signora Margarita de L'Epine, afterwards married to Dr. Pepusch. She performed the part of Calypso in Mr. Hughes's “ opera,” and in his “ ode to the memory of the duke of Devonshire,” Signora Margarita performed Britannia, and Mrs. Tofts Augusta. She also sung in several of his “ cantatas” set by Dr. Pepusch.

THE WANDERING BEAUTY.

1.

THE graces and the wand'ring loves
Are fled to distant plains,
To chase the fawns, or deep in groves
To wound admiring swains.
With their bright mistress there they stray,
Who turns her careless eyes
From daily triumphs ; yet, each day,
Beholds new triumphs in her way,
And conquers while she flies.

2.

But see ! implor'd, by moving prayers,
To change the lover's pain,
Venus her harness'd doves prepares,
And brings the fair again.
Proud mortals, who this maid pursue,
Think you, she'll e'er resign ?
Cease, fools, your wishes to renew,
Till she grows flesh and blood like you,
Or you, like her, divine !

SONGS.

S O N G S *.

I.

THY origin's divine, I see,
 Of mortal race thou can'st not be;
 Thy lip a ruby lustre shows;
 Thy purple cheek outshines the rose;
 And thy bright eye is brighter far
 Than any planet, any star.
 Thy fordid way of life despise,
 Above thy slavery, Sylvia, rise;
 Display thy beauteous form and mien,
 And grow a goddess, or a queen.

* In the year 1709, Mr. Hughes was concerned in a periodical work, entitled "The monthly amusement," printed for Midwinter and Lintot. His translation of Moliere's "Misanthrope" [see vol. i, p. 59] was the second number, May 1709. "The fair maid of the inn" was translated by him, from Cervantes, for the same purpose, but not printed. These songs were inserted in it. They are "original, but so artfully drawn up, as to give occasion for the same critical remarks that Cervantes makes on his "own" songs. Many years after, Mr. Jabez Hughes translated the same "novel," probably without

II.

CONSTANTIA, see, thy faithful slave
Dies of the wound thy beauty gave!
Ah! gentle nymph, no longer try
From fond pursuing love to fly.

2.

Thy pity to my love impart,
Pity my bleeding aching heart,
Regard my sighs and flowing tears,
And with a smile remove my fears.

3.

A wedded wife if thou would'st be,
By sacred Hymen join'd to me,
Ere yet the western sun decline,
My hand and heart shall both be thine.

without having seen or heard of his brother's translation. The songs are there closely traced from Cervantes, which was a work of some difficulty. It is inserted among "The select collection of novels and histories," printed for Watts, 1729, vol. ii, p. 173.

III.

III.

TH RICE lov'd Constantia, heavenly fair,
 For thee a servant's form I wear ;
 Though blest with wealth, and nobly born,
 For thee, both wealth and birth I scorn :
 Trust me, fair maid, my constant flame
 For ever will remain the same ;
 My love, that ne'er will cease, my love
 Shall equal to thy beauty prove.

TRANSLATED from PERSIAN VERSES,

Alluding to the custom of women being buried with
 their husbands, and men with their wives.

ETERNAL are the chains, which here
 The generous souls of lovers bind,
 When Hymen joins our hands, we swear
 To be for ever true and kind :
 And when, by death, the fair are snatch'd away,
 Lest we our solemn vows should break,
 In the same grave our living corps we lay,
 And willing the same fate partake.

ANOTHER.

Y N O I A N O T H E R.

MY dearest spouse, that thou and I
 May shun the fear which first should die,
 Clasp'd in each other's arms we'll live,
 Alike consum'd in love's soft fire,
 That neither may at last survive,
 But gently both at once expire.

On ARQUEÄNASSA of COLOPHOS.

ARQUEÄNASSA's charms inspire
 Within my breast a lover's fire;
 Age, its feeble spite displaying,
 Vainly wrinkles all her face,
 Cupids, in each wrinkle playing,
 Charm my eyes with lasting grace:
 But before old Time pursued her,
 Ere he sunk these little caves,
 How I pity those who view'd her,
 And in youth were made her slaves!

On FULVIA, the wife of ANTHONY.

From the Latin of Augustus Cæsar.

WHILE from his consort false Antonius flies,
And doats on Glaphyra's * far brighter eyes,
Fulvia, provok'd, her female arts prepares,
Reprisals seeks, and spreads for me her snares.
"The husband's false"—But why must I endure
This nauseous plague, and her revenge procure?
What though she ask!—How happy were my doom,
Should all the discontented wives of Rome
Repair in crowds to me, when scorn'd at home!
" 'Tis war," she says, "if I refuse her charms:"
Let's think—She's ugly—Trumpets found to arms!

* The poetical name for Citheris, an actress, of whom Anthony was enamoured. Virgil consoles Gallus for her infidelity (in the xth eclogue) under the name of "Lycoris." This epigram is preserved by Martial.

HUDIBRAS IMITATED.

Written in the year 1710.

O BLESSED time of reformation,
 That's now beginning through the nation !
 The *Jacks* bawl loud for church triumphant,
 And swear all whigs shall kiss the rump on't.
 See how they draw the beastly rabble
 With zeal and noises formidable,
 And make all cries about the town
 Join notes to roar fanatics down !
 As bigots give the sign about,
 They stretch their throats with hideous shout.
 Black tinkers bawl aloud "to settle
 "Church-privilege"—for "mending kettle."
 Each sow-gelder, that blows his horn,
 Cries out "to have dissenters sworn."
 The oyster-wenches lock their fish up,
 And cry, "No presbyterian bishop !"
 The mouse-trap men lay save-alls by,
 And 'gainst "low church men" loudly cry,
 A creature of amphibious nature,
 That trims betwixt the land and water,
 And leaves his mother in the lurch,
 To side with rebels 'gainst the church !

Some cry for "penal laws," instead
 Of "pudding-pies, and ginger-bread :"
 And some, for "brooms, old boots, and shoes,"
 Roar out, "God bless our commons house !
 Some bawl "the votes" about the town,
 And wish they'd "vote dissenters down."
 Instead of "kitchen-stuff," some cry,
 "Confound the late whig-ministry !"
 And some, for "any chairs to mend,"
 The commons late address commend.
 Some for "old gowns for china ware,"
 Exclaim against "extempore prayer :"
 And some for "old suits, cloaks, or coats,"
 Cry, "D—n your preachers without notes !"
 He that cries "coney-skins, or onions,"
 Blames "toleration of opinions."
 Blue-apron whores, that sit with furrnety,
 Rail at "occasional conformity."
 Instead of "cucumbers to pickle,"
 Some cry aloud, "No conventicle !"
 Masons, instead of "building houses,"
 To "build the church," would starve their spouses,
 And gladly leave their trades, for storming
 The meeting-houses, or informing.
 Bawds, strumpets, and religion-haters,
 Pimps, pandars, atheists, fornicators,
 Rogues, that, like Falstaff, scarce know whether
 A church's inside's stone or leather,

Yet

Yet join the parsons and the people
To cry "the church,"—but mean "the steeple."

If, holy mother, such you'll own
For your true sons, and such alone,
Then heaven have mercy upon you,
But the de'il take your beastly crew!

THE HUE AND CRY.

O YES!—Hear, all ye beaux and wits,
Musicians, poets, 'squires, and cits,
All, who in town or country dwell!
Say, can you tale or tidings tell
Of Tortorella's * hasty flight?
Why in new groves she takes delight,

* Mrs. Barbier, a celebrated actress and singer, who had then eloped from her father's house with a gallant. Mr. Hughes first recommended her to the notice of the public in the "Spectator," vol. iii, numb. 231, for "her more than ordinary concern "on her first appearance, in the opera of *Alma-* "hide, no less than her agreeable voice and just "performance." She performed the part of *Telemachus* in Mr. Hughes's opera of *Calypso*, and *Daphne* in] his masque of *Apollo and Daphne*.
The

[lxiir]

And if in in concert, or alone,
The cooing murmurer makes her moan ?

Now learn the marks, by which you may
Trace out and stop the lovely stray !

Some wit, more folly, and no care,
Thoughtless her conduct, free her air ;
Gay, scornful, sober, indiscreet,
In whom all contradictions meet ;
Civil, affronting, peevish, easy,
Form'd both to charm you and displease you ;
Much want of judgment, none of pride,
Modish her dress, her hoop full wide ;
Brown skin, her eyes of sable hue,
Angel, when pleas'd, when vex'd, a shrew.

Genteel her motion, when she walks,
Sweetly she sings, and loudly talks ;

The late John earl of Cerke, who knew her well,
expressed his opinion of her as follows : “ She
“ never could rest long in a place ; her affectations
“ increased with her years. I remember her in the
“ parts of Turnus and Orontes, when the operas
“ of Camilla and Thomyris were represented at
“ Lincoln's-inn-fields. She loved change so well,
“ that she liked to change her sex.”

Knows

Knows all the world, and its affairs,
Who goes to court, to plays, to prayers,
Who keeps, who marries, fails, or thrives,
Leads honest, or dishonest, lives;
What money match'd each youth or maid,
And who was at each masquerade;
Of all fine things in this fine town,
She's only to herself unknown.

By this description, if you meet her,
With lowly bows, and homage greet her;
And if you bring the vagrant beauty
Back to her mother and her duty,
Ask for reward a lover's bliss,
And (if she'll let you) take a kiss;
Or more, if more you wish and may,
Try if at church the words she'll say,
Then make her, if you can—"obey."

1717.

THE MORNING APPARITION.

Written at Wallington-house * in Surry.

ALL things were hush'd, as noise itself were dead;
No midnight mice stirr'd round my silent bed;

* The seat of Mr. Bridges.

Not

Not-ev'n a gnat disturb'd the peace profound ;
 Dumb o'er my pillow hung my watch unwound ;
 No ticking death-worm told a fancy'd doom,
 Nor hidden cricket chirrup'd in the room ;
 No breeze the casement shook, or fann'd the leaves,
 Nor drops of rain fell soft from off the eaves ;
 Nor noisy splinter made the candle weep,
 But the dim watch-light seem'd itself asleep,
 When tir'd I clos'd my eyes—How long I lay
 In slumber wrapp'd, I list not now to say :
 When hark ! a sudden noise—See ! open flies
 The yielding door—I, starting, rubb'd my eyes,
 Fast clos'd awhile ; and as their lids I rear'd,
 Full at my feet a tall thin form appear'd,
 While through my parted curtains rushing broke
 A light like day, ere yet the figure spoke.
 Cold sweat bedew'd my limbs—nor did I dream ;
 Hear, mortals, hear ! for real truth's my theme.
 And now, more bold, I rais'd my trembling bones
 To look—when lo ! 'twas honest master Jones* ;
 Who wav'd his hand, to banish fear and sorrow,
 Well charg'd with toast and sack, and cry'd “ Good
 “ morrow ! ”

1719.

* The butler.

EXTRACT

EXTRACT FROM THE PREFACE

TO MR. HUGHES'S POEMS, p. xxv.

“ **I**T is generally allowed that the characters in this tragedy [the ‘ Siege of Damascus’] are finely varied and distinguished; that the sentiments are just, and well adapted to the characters; that it abounds with beautiful descriptions, apt allusions to the manners and opinions of the times where the scene is laid, and with noble morals; that the diction is pure, unaffected, and sublime, without any meteors of style or ambitious ornament; and that the plot is conducted in a simple and clear manner.

“ The only objection I have ever heard, relates to the plan of it.

“ There does not appear (say some, who are esteemed persons of very good taste and judgment) a sufficient ground and
VOL. III. i “ foun-

“ foundation for the distress in the ivth and
 “ vth acts. For, what is Phocyas’s crime?
 “ The city of Damascus is besieged, and
 “ fiercely attacked by the Saracens. There
 “ is little or no prospect of relief. It must
 “ therefore probably fall into their hands in
 “ a short time, be sacked and plundered,
 “ and the garrison and citizens enslaved.
 “ At this dangerous juncture, Phocyas assists
 “ the enemy to take it a few days sooner.
 “ But upon what terms? That all, who
 “ lay down their arms, shall be spared, and
 “ liberty granted to every citizen, that shall
 “ chuse it, to leave the city, and carry off
 “ with him a mule’s burden of his goods;
 “ the chiefs to have six mules, and the go-
 “ vernor ten; with arms for their defence
 “ against the mountain robbers, (act iv,
 “ scene i.) Inasmuch that Daran says, (act
 “ v, scene i,)

——— ‘ The land wears not the face
 ‘ Of war, but trade; and looks as if its merchants
 ‘ Were sending forth their loaded caravans
 ‘ To all the neighbouring countries.’

“ What

“ What is there in all this that a virtuous
 “ man might not have done for the good
 “ of his country? If Phocyas is guilty,
 “ his guilt must consist in this only, that
 “ he performed the same action from a
 “ sense of his own wrongs, and to preserve
 “ the idol of his soul from violation or
 “ death, which he might have performed
 “ laudably upon better principles. But
 “ this (say they) seems not a sufficient
 “ ground for those strong and stinging re-
 “ proaches he casts upon himself, nor for
 “ Eudocia’s rejecting him with so much
 “ severity. It would have been more ra-
 “ tional (considering the frailty of human
 “ nature, and the violent temptations he
 “ lay under) if he had been, at last, pre-
 “ vailed upon to profess himself a Maho-
 “ metan: for then his remorse and self-
 “ condemnation would have been natural,
 “ his punishment just, and the character
 “ of Eudocia [placed in a more amiable
 “ light.”

“ I own I am at a loss for an answer to
 “ this objection, and therefore think myself
 i 2 “ obliged

“ obliged to acquaint the reader, in order
 “ to do justice to the author’s judgment,
 “ that he had formed the play according
 “ to the plan here recommended. But
 “ when it was offered to the managers of
 “ Drury-lane house, in the year 1718, they
 “ refused to act it, unless he would alter
 “ the character of Phocyas, pretending that
 “ he could not be a hero, if he changed
 “ his religion, and that the audience would
 “ not bear the sight of him after it, in
 “ how lively a manner soever his remorse
 “ and repentance might be described. . . .
 “ The author (being then in a very lan-
 “ guishing condition) finding that if he did
 “ not comply, his relations would probably
 “ lose the benefit of the play, consented,
 “ though with reluctance, to new-model
 “ the character of Phocyas.”

Thus far the editor.

To shew how tender and reasonably pas-
 sionate the scene here mentioned is as the
 author planned it; and what scope it gives

a masterly actor to display his skill, who surely in such an agony of soul, and so distracted with passion, is rather an object of pity than of detestation, the original draught of it, (together with some other passages that are omitted or altered in the printed copy) is here submitted to the public.

The lines marked with inverted commas are in both copies.

ACT I. SCENE I.

SCENE, the City.

Shouts and noise of the siege: officers and others pass over the stage in a hurry.

First OFFICER.

Th' attack grows hot—let's to the eastern gate,
The storm beats thickest there.

Second OFFICER.

Hark! how they shout!

All's lost if the barbarians force that entrance.

[*Exeunt*.

Enter

Enter HERBIS and soldiers, meeting ARTAMON.

HERBIS.

More engines there ! more hands ! the walls are thinn'd.
The foe comes on ; we've spent our darts and javelins.
Some to the arsenal, quick, for fresh supplies.
O Artamon, is this a time to loiter ?

ARTAMON.

No—but who knows what orders to obey,
Where all's distraction, hurry, and confusion ?

HERBIS.

Where are the citizens ?

ARTAMON.

Why, safe in corners ;
Or else, like moles, working i'th' earth to hide
Their plate and jewels—'tis for us, poor rogues,
To get our brains knock'd out ; the rich are wiser.

HERBIS.

Search every house,—we'll force the drones to fight
For their ill-gotten wealth, or send their wives
To guard it for 'em.—Ha ! what mean those lights ?

ARTAMON.

ARTAMON.

'Tis a procession to St. Thomas' church,
A last effort with heaven, to quit the score
Of long impiety in prosperous ease.
O how devout is fear in times of danger!

HERBIS.

Where is Eumenes, where's the governor?

ARTAMON.

I left him in the square of St. Honoria,
Besieg'd by his own people—Monks, and women,
Boys, and a coward train of noisy rabble,
Pursue him through the streets, with prayers and tears,
And, in despair, implore him to surrender.
But see! he comes.

Enter EUMENES, followed by a crowd of people, &c.
[as in the printed copy.]

ACT III. SCENE I.

SCENE, the outside of the City.

PHOCYAS and EUDOCIA in disguise, conducted by a
centinel; PHOCYAS giving him money, he retires.

PHOCYAS.

PHOCYAS.

Thus far we're safe—Why dost thou tremble?

EUDOCIA.

I know not why; 'tis a cold shivering fit
That shoots through all my veins—'twill soon be over.
Where lies our way?

PHOCYAS.

See'st thou yon sepulchre?
The moon-beams shine upon its whiten'd walls.

EUDOCIA.

Down in the vale.

PHOCYAS.

The fame; an arrow's flight,
Sent from a feeble bow, would reach the place.
There wait the mules; below it is the road,
Close by our Abanah's gold-sanded stream,
Where oft our couriers have escap'd the camp.

EUDOCIA.

Would we were there!

PHOCYAS.

PHOCYAS.

First rest thee here, Eudocia,
While I advance some paces to observe
If all is safe.—Keep near the city-gate,
And mark what sign I give thee.

[*Exeunt severally.*]

SCENE, Caled's Tent, &c. [as in the printed copy.]

In the same A C T,

After PHOCYAS's soliloquy on Death, and its interruption by DARAN, ABUDAH enters *with the Koran in his hand.*

. "thou yet
"Know'st not I am thy friend."

PHOCYAS.

Art thou my friend? Can this be possible?

ABUDAH.

I come to prove it;
To shew thee, that, among our fiercest tribes,
Inur'd to hardy deeds of war, and cruel
As thou believ'st us, thou may'st find a man,
Who, not-forgetting he's to sufferings born,
Can pity those that suffer. I have listen'd,

With sympathy of sorrow, to thy story;
And let me now give counsel to thy griefs.

PHOCYAS.

“Thou speak’st me fair, &c.”

In the same SCENE,

After

“Hah! who, what art thou? (*raving*)

“My friend? that’s well: but hold—are all friends
“honest?”

Follows

What means that book?—

ABUDAH.

It is heaven’s gift divine,
Our holy law.—Here, take—nay hold it fast—
Why shakes thy hand?

PHOCYAS.

“Hush! Hark! what voice is that?” &c.

After

“Villains? Is there no way? O save her, save her!”
Instead of “*Exit* with Abudah”

(Recovering,

(Recovering, after a pause)

What's to be done?—O heaven!

ABUDAH.

Heaven shews thee what,
And points thee out the path to lasting peace.
Here, kiss this sacred book; and humbly own
(PHOCYAS kisses the book, with great reluctance
and horror)

One Power Supreme, and Mahomet his Prophet.
Let me embrace thee, brother.

Enter CALED, ABUDAH meeting him.

Caled, 'tis done!—He's ours; the city's ours!
This man is more than a whole province gain'd.

CALED.

And has he sworn obedience to our laws?

ABUDAH.

He has.

CALED (embracing him.)

Then thus we greet thee Mussulman!
Our faith adopts thee to its choicest blessings.
By the seven heavens I swear, that whate'er terms
k 2 Have,

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Have, in my name, been offer'd by Abudah,
Shall strictly be fulfill'd.—But art thou ready?
This moment calls to action.

PHOCYAS.

Lead me on;
Give me my task, and let me lose for ever
Each conscious stinging thought of what I was!
A pressing gloom still hangs about my heart;
I'll try to shake it off.

CALED.

This scymetar *,
“ Bless'd in the field by Mahomet himself
(Giving the scymetar)
“ At Chaibar's prosp'rous fight, shall 'grace' thy arm.”

ABUDAH.

“ The captains wait thy orders, &c.”

After

“ Mourn, thou haughty city!
“ The bow is bent, nor can'st thou 'scape thy doom.”

* This scymetar, in the printed copy, is given to
Daran.

ABUDAH

ABUDAH adds,

And thy own quiver sends forth shafts against thee.

CALED.

“ I will command the troops of the black standard,
“ And at the eastern gate begin the storm.
“ Who turns his back henceforth, our prophet curse
“ him!”

DARAN.

“ But why do we not move? ’Twill soon be day.
“ Methinks I’m cold, and would grow warm with
“ action.”

PHOCYAS.

There is a way ———

ABUDAH (to CALED.)

Hear Phocyas.

PHOCYAS.

And, perhaps,
Without the loss of blood, to take the city.
Let but Abudah lead some chosen bands,
I will conduct them to the gate, from whence

I late

I late escap'd, nor doubt by stratagem
To gain admittance there.

CALED.

Then be it so.

“ Who first succeeds gives entrance to the rest.

“ Hear all! &c.” (to the end of the act.)

ACT IV. SCENE I.

SCENE, a great Square in the City, before the
Governor's Palace.

Phocyas in a Saracen habit, ABUDAH, Saracen captains and soldiers, and a messenger from Eumenes.

ABUDAH to the messenger.

Let him come forth, if he would have protection.
See'st thou our strength? Two gates are ours already,
The arsenal too. Resistance were but madness.
Yet tell him, he and all his friends are safe,
So he resign the palace.

PHOCYAS to ABUDAH.

And the terms—(Shewing a paper.)

ABUDAH.

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ABUDAH.

By the day's dawning, and the evening shades,
And by Medina's holy tomb, I swear,
That all shall be made good.

PHOCYAS to the messenger.

Return this paper,
And let him know 'tis granted. [Exit mess.
Brave Abudah!
Thy godlike temper binds me firmer still
To my new vows and thee; now thou'rt indeed
A friend, and let me joy thee of a conquest,
Which well thy noble clemency deserves.

ABUDAH.

Servant of Mahomet! hast not thou too
Deserv'd this grant? How could a friend and brother
Refuse thy merit ought?

PHOCYAS.

Beho'd Eumenes!

Enter

Enter EUMENES, HERBIS, officers of the court, and attendants.

EUMENES, entering.

“ It must be so, &c.” [as in the printed copy.]

At the end of ABUDAH’s speech,

And little do you think how much you owe
“ To one brave” foe, “ whom yet,” I see, “ you
“ know not.”

PHOCYAS to ABUDAH, (aside.)

Abudah, I would be a while conceal’d.

EUMENES.

If there be such a friendly foe unknown,
Whose interposing pity breaks the fall
Of wretched men, heaven grant him all his wishes!

PHOCYAS (aside.)

Amen, O heaven! No thanks to thee who know’st not
Or what, or whom thou pray’st for. Guide me now,
Auspicious love, to find my life’s chief joy,
And I’ve no more to ask.

[Exit.

ABUDAH.

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ABUDAH.

Haste, Serjabil,
And raise our standard o'er the palace-gate ;
Then wait thy duty here.

Enter RAPHAN.

Raphan, thou'rt welcome.
Thou know'st our orders ; see thy troops observe them.
On pain of death, no violence be us'd,
'Till force shall call for force.

EUMENES.

Generous Abudah !
We have thy word, and doubt not of protection.

“ Enter ARTAMON, hastily.

“ All's lost ! &c.” (to the end of the scene.)

In SCENE II,

PHOCYAS going to embrace EUDOCIA, she starts back.

EUDOCIA.

Save me ! stand off ! Mercy of heaven ! what art thou ?

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1

PHOCYAS.

PHOCYAS.

Life of my soul! it is my dress deceives thee.
Dost thou not know——

EUDOCIA.

“ My Phocyas!” &c.

PHOCYAS.

“ I’ve borne a thousand deaths since our last parting.
“ But wherefore do I talk of death?—for now”
To hold thee thus, thus to my beating heart,
Is more, much more, than life yet ever knew.—
Why weeps my fair? What mean these gushing tears?

EUDOCIA.

O Phocyas! could’st thou think how I have pass’d
The hours of night, unknowing of thy safety,
My fancy tortur’d with ill-boding visions
That thou wert lost for ever; could’st thou know
What I have thought, what fear’d, whilst thou wert
absent,
Thou would’st not ask from whence these gather’d mists
That hover in my eyes, and now dissolve,
At sight of thee, and fall in dewy showers.

PHOCYAS.

PHOCYAS.

No more, my charmer ; let us from this hour
Banish the gloomy leavings of our sorrow.
My joys, Eudocia, shall rekindle thine ;
For I, “ methinks, am rais’d to life immortal, &c.”
.....

PHOCYAS.

“ ’Twill surprise thee
“ When thou shalt know—

EUDOCIA.

“ What ?”

PHOCYAS.

Look on me, Eudocia !
Dost thou observe no change ? Can’st thou not guess
What means this turban on thy Phocyas’ head ?

EUDOCIA.

A lucky stratagem to pass unknown !
Bless’d be the hand that, thus disguising, help’d thee
To work these deeds, and make thy name immortal !

PHOCYAS

PHOCYAS (looking earnestly at her.)

“ O for a cause so lovely, so belov’d,”
Sure ’tis no crime, or heaven will sure forgive it!

EUDOCIA.

“ What dost thou mean ?” What can it be, that thus
With distant words thou labour’st to conceal?
Sure ’tis thy tenderness, thy generous love,
That fears to shock me with some mighty danger,
Which scarce thou hast escap’d ; but since thy life
Is safe, delay no more to tell me all,
And swell my present joy.

PHOCYAS.

How shall I tell thee?
O why wilt thou not know me in this habit
For what I am ?—“ To save my life ? O no !”
’Twere justly giv’n, had it been lost for thee—
Nay, had I risk’d my soul to save Eudocia,
Yet were it not too much.

EUDOCIA.

“ It cannot be.—
“ And yet thy looks are chang’d, thy lips grow pale!
“ Why dost thou shake ?—Alas ! I tremble too,”
Nor

Nor dare enquire that which thou dar'st not utter.

" I'll not ' allow' a thought that thou could'st do

" One act unworthy of thyself, &c."

PHOCYAS.

" Alas! thou know'st me not—I'm man, frail man,

" To error born; and who that's man is perfect?"

'Tis past, and——

EUDOCIA.

" Ha!

PHOCYAS.

I am no more a Christian.

EUDOCIA.

Then it is past indeed!

[They look at each other for some time in confusion; after which, EUDOCIA turns away, and covers her face.]

PHOCYAS (after a pause.).

Eudocia, why,

Why dost thou turn, and hide thy face thus from me?

Have

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Have I a thought of comfort but in thee?
Look on me--speak--Nay, frown upon, and chide me,
Say any thing, and drive me to distraction,
For O! I can no longer bear thy silence.

EUDOCIA.

Speak thou some comfort first--recall thy words,
Thy fatal story--Quickly say 'twas feign'd,
To try the utmost I could bear, and live.
Was it?--Thou'rt dumb--there is no comfort left.

PHOCYAS.

Yes, there is all in thee, if--

EUDOCIA.

O!

PHOCYAS.

What means
That piercing look, and what that fobbing sigh?

EUDOCIA.

Is't possible, that ev'n the sight of thee
Should wound me more than thy late dreaded absence?

PHOCYAS.

PHOCYAS.

Am I then grown so hateful to thy eyes?
Hold yet my heart! (aside.)

EUDOCIA.

O what, what hast thou told me?
Think what thou art, if thou'rt no more—
I cannot speak it, horror choaks my voice.
“Are these the terms” accurs’d “on which we
meet,” &c. *

PHOCYAS.

“Ha! Lightning blast me!—Strike me
“Ye vengeful bolts, if this is my reward.”
Art thou Eudocia, that kind gentle fair,
Who us’d with smiles to lull each anxious thought?
“Are these my hop’d for joys?” &c. *

EUDOCIA.

What welcome can I give, or thou receive †?
O! “thou has blasted all our joys for ever,

* The conclusions of these two speeches agree with
those in the printed copy.

† Instead of this line, in the printed copy,
Hadst thou not help’d the foes of Mahomet
To spread their impious conquests o’er thy country,
What

“ And cut down hope, like a poor short-liv’d flower,
 “ Never to grow again”—Art thou not sworn
 A foe to Christians? Am not I a Christian?

PHOCYAS.

Is this to be a foe, to give up all
 To call thee mine? Yet now thou dost upbraid me

What welcome was there in Eudocia’s power
 She had with-held from Phocyas? But alas!
 ’Tis “ thou hast blasted,” &c.

To which PHOCYAS replies,

“ Cruel Eudocia!”
 If in my heart’s deep anguish, I’ve been forc’d
 Awhile from what I was—dost thou reject me?
 “ Think of the cause”——

Eudocia’s answer to this (p. xci) according to the original plan is dictated by a just and honest indignation, but in the altered copy far exceeds the bounds of reason, and is very improperly addressed to one whose “ faith” is still “ unspotted,” and who may rather be said to have saved, than betrayed, his country.

With

With what I am for thee—"cruel Eudocia!

"Think of the cause——

EUDOCIA.

The cause? there is no cause!

"Not universal nature could afford

"A cause for this; what were dominion, pomp,

"The wealth of nations, nay of all the world,

"The world itself, or what a thousand worlds,

"If weigh'd with faith unspotted, heavenly truth,

"Thoughts free from guilt, the empire of the mind,

"And all the triumphs of a godlike breast,

"Firm and unmov'd in the great cause of virtue?"

PHOCYAS.

What is that virtue heaven no longer owns?

Why do the Christian banners fly the field?

What puts their numerous hosts to shameful flight?

What conquers all their towns!—Alas! Eudocia,

Hast thou no doubts? Is this heaven's favourite cause?

Why then by heaven deserted? Say, is not

The will divine obscure, and in thick clouds

Veil'd from the feeble eyes of human reason?

EUDOCIA.

O blind of soul!—'tis Christian guilt that arms

The foes of truth against its treacherous friends;
Forfaking heaven, they are of heaven forsaken.

PHOCYAS.

“How shall I answer thee?” &c.

In EUDOCIA’S next speech but one, instead of

—— ——— “But never, never,”

Can “I be made the curs’d reward of” treason,
“To seal thy doom,” &c.

Read

—— ——— “But never, never,”

So grant me mercy, heaven! will “I be made
“The curs’d reward of” black apostacy,
“To seal thy doom, to bind a hellish league,” &c.

PHOCYAS.

“What league?—’tis ended—I renounce it—thus
[Kneels
“I bend to heaven and thee *”—O yet look on me.

* After this, in the printed copy, follows immediately

—— ——— ——— “O thou divine,
“Thou matchless image,” &c. (p. xciii.)

EUDOCIA

To drive me out from blifs!—

“ She’s gone—and now she joins the fugitives,” &c.

IN ACT IV, SCENE the last,

[Which in the printed copy is the first scene of act v,]

In one of DARAN’s speeches, instead of

“ That’s well. And yet I fear

“ Abudah’s” Christian friend—

Read

“ That’s well. And yet I fear

“ Abudah’s” motley convert.

CALED.

If possible,

He should not know of this ; no, nor Abudah :

He is a very hermit of the war.

See thou the troops refresh’d, and when the sun

Shall from the west, declining, faintly shine,

Draw up our Arab horse without the gates.

We’ll “ quickly make this thriftless conquest good ;

“ The sword too has been wrong’d, and thirsts for
“ blood.”

[*Exeunt.*

ACT

ACT V.

In the SCENE between PHOCYAS and CALED,
CALED (entering.)

“ So—Slaughter do thy work !” The birds of prey
Will scent thee soon, and yet, ere night comes on,
Shadow this valley with a living cloud.
—“ These hands look well,” &c.

.....

CALED,

“ Promise?—Insolence !
“ ’Tis well, ’tis well—For now I know thee too.
“ Thou double” renegade, thou twice a “ traitor !
“ False to thy first and to thy latter vow,
For still thy mongrel soul is half a Christian !
“ Villain,” &c.

At the end of the last SCENE but one,

ARTAMON.

“ See where Eumenes comes ! What’s this ? He seems
“ To

“ To lead” along “ some wounded” Saracen
Of better rank. Let’s stand aside, and mark them*.

* In the printed copy it is

—— ——— “ He seems

“ To lead some wounded” friend—Alas ! ’tis—

* To Mr. HUGHES on his excellent translation
of ABELARD’s letters.

By Mr. JOHN BUNCE*.

WHAT tender turns our struggling passions move,
While Heloisa sooths the soul to love !
Yet grace and warmth divine those turns impart,
And move the passions but to mend the heart.
From the vain world, yet warm in youth she fled,
Lost to its charms, and to its pleasures dead :
Sunk in a convent’s solitary gloom,
Like gather’d roses with’ring in their bloom,

* Now vicar of St. Stephen’s near Canterbury.
An elegant copy of verses, by the same hand, is
prefixed to Mr. Hughes’s “ poems.”

In

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In fruitless penance she consumes away,
 And loaths the light of each revolving day:
 Torn from the man she lov'd, life grows a pain,
 And while remov'd from him, she lives in vain:
 In vain the rising sun salutes her sight
 With chearful radiance and enlivening light;
 Setting, on her in vain his beams he throws,
 His sinking beams but aggravate her woes:
 To her nor day nor night their comforts bring,
 Nor smiling summer nor returning spring.

In the still horror of those sacred walls,
 Where each sad object to devotion calls,
 Where ever-sighing saints around thee move,
 Fond Heloise, how could'st thou think of love?
 Yet not these scenes her wand'ring thoughts controul,
 Nor chase the dear ideas from her soul;
 Not those pale fairs that sighing round her move,
 Could teach her to renounce a fatal love.

By thee her animated form revives,
 And in thy version all the lover lives;
 Drawn by thy hand more graceful she appears,
 Her fame increasing with increasing years:
 No more her bright remains neglected lie,
 But boast fresh beauties that can never die.
 So some fair flower, which drooping long had stood
 In the parch'd plain or unfrequented wood,

By

By some kind hand remov'd to richer earth,
Wakes into life, and finds a second birth;
Blest from the soil, refreshing odours gives,
Blooms with the spring, and in a blossom lives.

Mov'd at her griefs each generous lover sighs,
And reads her hapless fate with weeping eyes:
Britannia's fair her flowing strains admire,
And fondly practise what her thoughts inspire;
With deep concern her heart-felt sorrows see,
And mourn a brighter Abelard in thee.

Brensett, Kent, 1730.

* O D E

*Ad * Amicum navigaturum.*

ASTRA visurus prope quæ sub *Austri*
Axe collucent, citiore cursu
Deprimes nostra, ut freta vasta *Eöos*
Findis ad *Indos*.

Ripa sit quamvis ibi sæta baccis,
Terra clam splendens adamante crudo;
Rivuli fundant, coquat an fodina
Largiter aurum;

* *Gulielmum Hirst, A. M. R. S. S. Syndicis ad Indos*
Orientales delegatis a sacris, in Aurorâ nave, Musis et
virtuti inimicâ.

Ditæ

*Dite nec gratum pariter reportes
Quale deducis, nisi sospes, ulla haud
Merce mutandum, sociis reducas
Pectus honestum.*

*Cuncta quæ tellus, mare, Sol, et imbres
Prodigunt sæclis, mare, Sol, et imbres
Ipsa vaneſcent, ſubito ſoluta
Funere munda.*

*Quas tibi virtus tua ſupplet alis,
Pauca quæ neſcis penetrabis aſtra,
Luce cælorum redimitus, et ſu-
perſtes Olympo.*

*Quod tamen purum cor haberet auri,
Et manus puræ capiant, habeto;
Ne tibi largo deeris, vel alter
Dignus egeret,*

*Mente ſublimi leviora ſpernens,
Solis occurſus varios, viasque
Siderum calles, loca dulce pingens
Diſſita noſtris.*

[c]

*Pensito morbos nimium nec ægro
Pharmacum mando, * senis eruditi.
Æmulus Cõi, atque homicida cautus*

Jure vocari.

*Fonte quin sacro mēditor salutem,
Pango vbi carnea vacuum veneni,
Quemque donabas religo dieque et
Nocte † Platonem.*

*Eurus extendat tibi vela læto!
Sæviant ponti minus! et sequaces
Urgeant fluctus iter! ac recordans
Pocula ‡ Mitræ,*

*Dum graves curæ fugiant parumper,
Mente cum multos memori recensens,
HIRSTE, ne vatis penitus fileto
Nomen amici!*

J. KIRKPATRICK, M. D.

* Hippocrates.

† Anglice optime redditum, Interpretæ Fl. Sydenham.

‡ Tabernam intellige, in vico dicto Fleet-street.

END of VOL. III.



